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THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE general result of the elections held in France last Sunday is very intelligible, and is completely in accordance with previous expectations. Nearly ninety new members have been returned whose mission it is to support M. THIERS. What France evidently desires above all things is repose, and the best chance of obtaining repose is to keep things as they are, and to avoid or postpone the necessity of deciding on the future form of government. In ordinary times the one thing that seems indispensable is that a country should know what is the Government under which it is living. But these are not ordinary times. To establish the Republic further than it is established at present, to restore the Empire, to bring back HENRY V., to set up Parliamentary government under the grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE, would in each instance involve fierce strife, financial calamities, and possibly civil war. It seems much simpler to do none of these things, and to let affairs drift on with M. THIERS commissioned to do what he may to direct their course. The Paris Union of the Press carried sixteen out of their candidates, and the first condition those candidates had to fulfil was that they should be known to be moderate men, belonging to classes eminently respectable, and quite willing to wait and give no trouble. Most, if not all, of them are men who, if a Republic is to be the Government of France, would be quite happy under a Republic, or, if a Monarchy is to be the order of the day, would be equally content with a Monarchy. The greater part of the voters of Paris did not vote at all. They had no strong wishes for or against any one, and would not take the trouble of polling while they were indifferent to the result. M. WOŁOWSKI, who headed the poll, did not get nearly one-third of the electors to vote for him; but probably those who did not vote for him or against him are as well pleased that he should be returned as his supporters are likely to be. He is eminently respectable, and he is certain not to make himself conspicuous or troublesome; and what do those who vote, or those who do not vote, want more just now? The French have at least learnt one thing from adversity. They have learnt to see that the violence of one reactionary party would cost them as much as the violence of another reactionary party. They are full of horror at the crimes and excesses of the Commune, but they are not so frightened as to throw themselves into the arms of any of the numerous Saviours of Society who would be so glad to rise to wealth and power on the ruins of the Commune. M. THIERS has ever since the beginning of February been preaching to them the wisdom of taking things quietly; and they have listened to his teaching. Even now the avowed champions of a Monarchy have so large a majority in the Assembly that if they liked to quarrel with M. THIERS they could easily pass a vote that would put an end to the interregnum. But if every day before the elections saw them less and less inclined to take so hazardous a step, their courage will be still more cooled by the manifestation which the elections have furnished that the country abhors the notion of new and violent changes, and wishes at any rate to have political quiet while people are ascertaining and endeavouring to repair their losses, and until a new loan has enabled France to purchase the final retreat of her conquerors from French territory.

But although the main result of the elections has been to strengthen in this way the hands of M. THIERS, its minor result has been to show that the Republicans are the only party which, as a party, can excite enthusiasm. Perhaps not more than twenty of the new Deputies are sincere Republicans—men who, like M. GAMBETTA, seriously believe that the Republic has Divine right on its side, and a title to exist which ignorance and folly can never invalidate. But even

this amount of success on the part of the Republicans was more than was expected, and much more than was desired, by the bulk of M. THIERS' supporters. It is not a trivial matter that M. GAMBETTA should have been returned in three places. Those who, while living under a nominal Republic, hate a Republic and fear it, console themselves by calculating, as they may reasonably do, that twenty new Republicans will still leave the real Republican party in a minority of one to five in the Assembly. This is quite true. France is not Republican, nor is the Assembly, and the return of M. GAMBETTA will not make much visible difference. No one can be better aware of this than M. GAMBETTA himself, for he proposes to content himself with the modest post of a leader of the Opposition in an Assembly not by any means in harmony with him. But if it is easy to overrate, it is still more easy to underrate, the extent of the Republican triumph. This triumph is positively not great, but comparatively it is very considerable. The ardent Republicans have not had a brilliant success; but the Legitimists and the Imperialists have had no success at all. One Legitimist is said to have been returned among the new members—one Legitimist in a country that was described a few weeks ago as pining for HENRY V. and the Lilies of France. The Imperialists are not much better off; and even so able a man as M. ROUHER, only a short time ago the most powerful politician in France, could scarcely get a third as many of the electors of Bordeaux to vote for him as returned his Republican rivals. The policy of the Imperialists has hitherto been to affirm that everything ought to depend on a great national vote, and they have felt confident that if they could only get a plebiscite taken, the restoration of the Empire was a matter of certainty. The elections of last Sunday must have gone far to shake their confidence. A plebiscite with an existing Emperor to manage it is one thing, but a plebiscite with an Emperor in exile is another thing. It is quite true that most of the nominal Republicans now returned would readily acquiesce in a BOURBON monarchy or a restored Empire, if fortune smiled on either cause. But now, at a moment when no party in particular is looking up, the Republicans gain elections while Legitimists and Imperialists lose them. As contrasted with their chief opponents, the Republicans come before the Assembly with the prestige of success, and they have the great advantage of a definite programme and clear convictions. They want the education of the poor, the very thing of all others which Legitimists and Imperialists dread and detest. They will be able to take the high ground of thinking and caring for the people, while their adversaries will be absorbed, or will be supposed to be absorbed, in party intrigues and schemes of personal aggrandizement. A vast scheme of secular education for the whole people may be a good thing or a bad thing, but it is entirely opposed to every tradition and every interest of the clergy; and while Paris has declined to elect the Catholic Bishop who sought its suffrages, it has returned the man whose principal task will henceforth be to endeavour to get such a system established.

The Assembly, it is understood, is at once to have three months' holiday, and M. THIERS will be left free to govern even without the slight impediments which that docile body places in his path. It will be a quiet, and, possibly, a pleasant time for him; and no one ever ruled a nation with a more hearty wish on the part of the nation that he should rule it. But, however long he may postpone his difficulties, they lie before him, and he must meet them some time. He has to shape the finance of France, and he evidently does not know how to shape it. For the moment everything is easy. He has large sums in hand, and his credit is good. But new taxation is a matter of absolute necessity, and to devise plans

of new taxation is embarrassing. He is, and always has been, a consistent Protectionist, and he would like to make Protection rampant, and show what it could do for France. But even if the majority of the Assembly is with him on this point, there is a strong minority against him, and this minority has been largely strengthened by the recent elections. The South of France has little to gain and much to lose by Protection, and the bulk of the new members have come from the South. They will no doubt support him in all other questions of general government, but they will be very loath to let him put what they will think to be the wrong taxes on the taxpayers they represent. It has already been proved that some of the new taxes proposed by M. POUYER-QUERTIER are impracticable; and the Finance Minister is beginning to take a less rosy view of his financial position, and to acknowledge that the receipts will probably fall far short of his estimate. The success of the loan ought not to dazzle any one. A country which will not bear an Income-tax is a country in which financial difficulties must occur as soon as any great calamity makes new burdens necessary. The aim of M. THIERS is to so arrange matters that France will pay much more in taxes without any one very much feeling the pressure. The only possible result of this will be that taxes will be levied in forms of the worst kind. Present ease will be purchased by future embarrassment and irritation. The French are, as their best friends allow, very ignorant, and in defiance of all reason it may prove that they will before long contrast the Empire under which they felt rich with the Republic under which they will feel poor. The electors may zealously send men to the Assembly who will do their utmost to avoid hastening a political crisis; but a time of financial pressure must come, and out of financial difficulties there will almost inevitably arise political difficulties; and the history of the career of M. THIERS is not such as to inspire any belief that he is the man to foresee and successfully encounter the peculiar dangers which such a state of things will create.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BALLOT.

IT is well known that the confidential meeting of the Liberal party summoned by Mr. GLADSTONE on Thursday was called for the purpose of deprecating any delay in the progress of the Ballot Bill. As the most troublesome section of the majority happens to be zealously favourable to secret voting, the Ministerial appeal will probably produce its intended result. It is, in fact, idle to hamper the Bill with amendments which can, if they are thought desirable, easily be introduced at any future time. The measure will secure the secrecy which its advocates desire; and the danger of personation is not at present imminent. Many Liberal politicians seriously believe in the political advantages of the Ballot, and the remainder have made up their minds that a deteriorated representative system is a smaller evil than the risk of undergoing in their own persons the process which is called in America "being read out of the party." The same motives which induced the Ministerialists to adopt Mr. GLADSTONE's advice will probably produce an opposite effect on the policy of the minority. The Ballot, unpalatable in itself, is still further discredited by Mr. GLADSTONE's newborn enthusiasm for his latest phase of faith. He has now for the third time announced his willingness to destroy what remains of the Constitution for the mere purpose of furnishing a sophistical excuse for his own change of opinion. It is not surprising that the members of the Opposition should desire by every legitimate method to defeat an innovation which will reduce their party to a still more abject state of weakness. That there should be some difference of opinion as to the allowable limits of Parliamentary opposition might also have been expected. As Mr. GLADSTONE complained on Tuesday, it is unusual to debate the principle of a Bill on the motion that the SPEAKER leave the chair. As the same motion may be repeated by any member at pleasure, it follows that the abuse of the practice would produce hopeless obstruction. The excuse of Mr. FIELDEN and his supporters was that they had been deprived by an unusual arrangement of the opportunity of discussing the Bill on the second reading. Mr. DISRAELI explained that he had made the agreement with Mr. GLADSTONE at the desire of some members of his party, who would have found it inconvenient to remain in town during the week before Easter. The result seems to show that it is better to adhere to the ordinary practice, which allows indignant eloquence to throw itself out on the surface at the regular period.

A debate on the second reading must sooner or later come to an end; and when it has once for all run its natural course, there is no excuse for supplementary discussion of the principle of a Bill. It might perhaps afterwards have been advisable to prolong for a night or two the debate on the motion for going into Committee. It is true that the mind, or rather the will, of every member is made up as to his vote; but there is some consolation in speaking. Even Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON's intemperate tirade, though it could probably not have been avoided, would have been less inappropriate if it had been delivered on the second reading. No more objectionable combination of irrelevance with personality has been heard during the present Session.

If Mr. GLADSTONE had contented himself with rebutting Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON's objectionable language, the feeling of the House would have been in his favour; but when he proceeded to denounce the general conduct of the Opposition, he justified Mr. DISRAELI's remark that he is too fond of showing the rod. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER had lately delivered a similar warning with greater authority and with less risk of giving offence. Although Mr. GLADSTONE occupies a still higher position in the House than Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, he is not equally impartial; nor is he, like a private member, irresponsible for the state of business. Many of the impediments of which Mr. GLADSTONE complains are caused by the irritation which he constantly produces. No leader of the House has at any time been so unpopular with his opponents; and he often tries the patience and fidelity of his supporters. He might prudently have remembered that the slow progress of the Army Bill was in a great measure caused by adherents of the Government; and although the party is united in favour of the Ballot Bill, the hurry and uncertainty of the latter part of the Session is the natural result of the lengthened Army debates. Mr. FIELDEN's deviation from ordinary practice was undoubtedly annoying, and Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON deserved the censure which he incurred; but when the discipline of the House becomes irregular, it is not to be re-established by reproaches or threats. It may perhaps be true that Parliamentary Government, under the present regulations of debate, would become impossible if the minority were to push its privileges to the utmost; but the Standing Orders, though, like every other kind of enactment, they are liable to abuse, are not to be hastily modified or abrogated. No other code of regulations has succeeded as well in securing order or freedom of debate, and there are counterbalancing advantages in some of the rules which may accidentally cause inconvenience. One of the first conditions of the regular and prosperous transaction of business is that the leader of the House should be patient, courteous, and, if possible, possessed of personal tact. It is not on the first occasion of misuse of liberty or of excess that a judicious Minister would hint at an alteration of the rules, or at a restriction of the privileges of the minority. In all institutions there is a possible dead-lock, which is habitually evaded by thoughtful management. The rules of the House of Commons, approved by long practice, ought to be elastic enough for the present occasion. It is in any case useless to threaten alterations which the House would almost certainly reject. The foreign device of closing the debate by a vote of the majority would be utterly unacceptable to Englishmen, and it is idle to attempt to stop up every hole through which an ingenious transgressor may escape from the letter or spirit of the regulations. It would indeed be possible to provide against a debate on the principle of a Bill introduced on the motion that the SPEAKER leave the chair; but many other occasions might be found for delivering speeches as long as those of Mr. FIELDEN or Mr. NEWDEGATE. The displeasure of the House, which constitutes the most efficient censorship, may be diverted from a loquacious offender to a scolding Minister.

There was a certain force in Mr. DISRAELI's suggestion that the Government is partly responsible for the dilatory tactics of the Opposition. In 1869 and 1870 the House was occupied with elaborate measures carefully prepared and vigorously defended, while the Army Bill has been seriously mutilated, and has been advocated on varying and inconsistent grounds; but it cannot be truly said that there is an exceptional reason for delaying the progress of the Ballot Bill. The principle, though it may be worthy of all reprobation, has been sanctioned by a considerable majority; and there is no serious or independent objection to the details. The enemies of the Ballot are not concerned to render it effective, when their real objection to the various provisions is that they will accomplish their professed object. The

proposal that the main clause of the Bill should be postponed till the minor parts of the measure are disposed of could only have originated in a wish to defeat the Bill by delay. The abolition of nominations, the transfer of charges from candidates to rate-payers, and other enactments of the same kind, arouse no general interest. By common consent of all parties, and even in Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches, the prolix title of the Bill has been shortened into the essential phrase of the Ballot Bill, which raises the only serious issue. Mr. FIELDEN shares with but few members his anxiety to preserve the noise and riot of nominations; and the majority of members on both sides of the House will be glad to relieve themselves of a vexatious expense. But for the contest on secret voting, it would be difficult to keep a House for the debate.

Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues may perhaps rejoice in the success of their manœuvre for terminating an irregular or unusual discussion; but it is not desirable that two great parties should exchange affronts and provocations. The docility with which the supporters of Government abstained from taking part in the debate of Thursday proves that the PRIME MINISTER can still enforce obedience, but not that he is a judicious Parliamentary leader. An exceptional slight will inevitably be resented by a further exercise of the facilities which are provided by the forms of the House for the protection of the weaker party. It is well known that on many occasions during the Session all parties have more or less connived at indirect resistance to measures which are unpalatable to many who are forced to support him with their votes. The moderate majority which passed the third reading of the Army Bill was artificial, if not insincere; and a more latent feeling of dislike to the Ballot may be strongly suspected to exist. It may be hoped that no further want of temper will be exhibited either by the Ministry or by the Opposition. The Bill is a bad Bill in itself, and probably in the candid opinion of the House of Commons; but there is no machinery provided for the government of this country except the comparison of adverse Parliamentary votes. Power, if not argument, is on the side of the proposed innovation, and it will be less disadvantageously introduced without a violent Parliamentary agitation. Mr. GLADSTONE'S assertion that the forms of debate must be modified if the House of Commons is to retain its efficiency, though possibly indiscreet and certainly premature, contains a wholesome warning.

ENGLISH PARTISANS OF THE COMMUNE.

THE admirers of the Paris Commune and of the Red Republic are at present compelled to prosecute their agitation chiefly in England. The contributions to English revolutionary literature of foreign visitors who are prevented from publishing their lucubrations at home might conveniently be spared. Dr. KARL MARX, having avowed himself the author of the infamous document published by the London Council of the International Association, has thought fit to threaten with hypothetical violence a journalist who had ventured to remark that imputations of forgery, of adultery, and of embezzlement were in the nature of libels. Dr. KARL BLIND publishes in the congenial pages of the *Fortnightly Review* a more argumentative exposition of the present policy of the extreme Republicans. The object of his essay is to prove that it is a mistake after a successful revolution to be too lenient to the defeated party, and also that universal suffrage, though excellent in theory, ought to be suspended in practice until it is prepared to return a Jacobin majority. It is perfectly true that the suffrage, whether limited or promiscuous, is only a mode of obtaining a desirable Government. It is because universal suffrage would probably produce bad government that it is repudiated by all English statesmen except Mr. GLADSTONE; and the Red Republicans at present object to the device on precisely similar grounds. The novelty of their doctrine consists in the assumption that the dominant minority is to be selected by a test, not of property, of rank, or of education, but of sectarian orthodoxy of political creed. The Communists are not the first set of fanatics who have claimed a divine right to the exclusive possession of power; but the audacity with which they announce their pretensions has seldom been equalled. The German prophets of revolution probably despise the English artisans who, only half understanding their doctrines, allow them to speak in their name. Dr. MARX must have been well aware that the members of the London International Council had no means of judging of the truth of the insolent assertions which he published in their name; and

he rightly judged that their vanity would be gratified by an affectation of familiarity with the worst kind of Parisian gossip and scandal.

Mr. LUCRAFT has consulted his self-respect by retiring from the Council which had, without his knowledge, made itself responsible for the acts of the Paris Commune by deliberate sanction. Even Mr. ODGER thought it prudent in a speech at Newcastle to disavow the vindication of the cold-blooded massacre of the hostages; and he contented himself with the denunciation of landed property as theft, and with the pleasant anticipation that the QUEEN would some day die. It would be well if all the promoters of revolution in England were illiterate and incapable brawlers, who nevertheless may probably do mischief. Unfortunately agitators of a higher order are busy in vindicating the proceedings of the Paris Commune, either in the form of direct eulogy or by discovering precedents for their atrocities. Dr. SANDWITH, in the *Fortnightly Review*, prefaces by the statement that he is not the apologist of the Commune a sympathizing apology for its conduct, and more especially for the murder of the Archbishop of Paris and his companions. It seems that the chiefs of the Paris insurrection have been unjustly charged with poverty and with meanness of social position; "yet PAUL MEURICE, who is now either in the dungeons of Versailles or in the grave, was famous for his 'elegant and sumptuous hospitality, even in a city of luxury' and elegance; and sundry others could be quoted like unto 'him.'" Dr. SANDWITH, of course, as a democrat, taunts his opponents with their incapacity to believe in the virtues of the poor; but he has himself "scarcely patience to allude to 'the vulgar calumny that the leaders of the Commune were 'the scum of society.'" As to their personal characters, he remarks, with brilliant and original sarcasm, that "revolutionary bodies cannot be expected to be as pure and immaculate as our own House of Lords, for example, which is 'well known for the spotless character of each individual member.' Still I do not hesitate to say that the majority 'were as respectable as our own House of Commons.'" If the half-dozen disreputable peers were all members of the Cabinet, or rather of a despotic governing Council, Dr. SANDWITH'S ironical parallel would be more to the point; but if he is content to place the chosen representatives of his cause on the same moral level with the worst of the hostile class, his opponents have no reason to object to the comparison. Among four or five hundred persons who inherit a certain position it is probable that a few will be gamblers or spendthrifts. The proportion of five or six swindlers among twenty or thirty chosen chiefs of a pure Republic seems at first sight excessive.

According to Dr. SANDWITH, certain persons, known exclusively to himself, think and say that Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BEALES ought to be hanged. Only a sombre revolutionist is capable of attaching a serious meaning to jesting assertions that a political opponent ought to be hanged. There are undoubtedly those who hold that Mr. BEALES might have been more suitably rewarded for the demolition of the Hyde Park railings by a moderate fine than by a County Court Judgeship. Dr. SANDWITH satisfies his conscience by declaring that the execution of the hostages, which he is careful not to describe as a murder, was a barbarous act of warfare; and he then proceeds to excuse, or rather to justify, the crime with a zeal which is scarcely exceeded by Dr. KARL MARX. He of course asserts that M. THIERS, "the venerable apostle 'of Napoleonism,'" began to put to death in cold blood prisoners captured in the conflict, and consequently it was deemed necessary to seize hostages and give notice of reprisals. "If M. THIERS had chosen to exchange BLANQUI 'for half-a-dozen or a dozen of these priests, or if he had 'simply refrained from butchering his prisoners, the Archbishop and the rest of them would have been alive at this 'moment, ready to launch French grapeshot and bayonets on 'Rome on behalf of their infallible master.'" It is highly characteristic of a revolutionary apologist to gloat over the murder of priests and prelates on account of their profession, even while he is undertaking to show that they were dispassionately killed under pressure of political necessity. It had not been thought that the Archbishop of Paris had contributed to the assumption of infallibility by the Pope, who is courteously called his master; nor would the aged President of the Court of Cassation have been likely to promote a French expedition against Rome. The tenderness with which the acts of the Commune have been regarded by those who share its opinions is a singular proof of the extent to which political partisanship perverts moral judgment.

Dr. SANDWITH'S vindication of the Commune is suggested

by a speech in which Lord RUSSELL attributed the crimes perpetrated at Paris to the denial of religion attributed by their eulogists to the leaders of the movement. It is not difficult to show that other atrocities have at other times been committed by professed Christians, whose creed must, as Dr. SANDWITH contends, be, on Lord RUSSELL's assumption, the cause of their acts; and the argument is happily combined with an irrelevant sneer at the Old Testament. "It is true there is no distinct principle in such matters laid down either in orthodoxy or heterodoxy (if we except perhaps the Jewish massacres)." Lord RUSSELL may perhaps have been mistaken in connecting cruelty with atheism, although it is assuredly true that the only moral restraints which have hitherto affected large masses of people are inseparably associated with religion; but the crimes of the Paris insurgents were in a great measure suggested by anti-religious fanaticism. It was because they hated Christianity, which they were too ignorant to distinguish from the Roman Catholic Church, that the rebel leaders selected an Archbishop and several other ecclesiastics for hostages and victims. They also prohibited the use of religious emblems on the absurd pretext of protecting freedom of opinion, and they turned the churches into political clubs. Their predecessors of the League, three centuries ago, under the influence of similar passions and prejudices, were even more savage and intolerant; and the MARXES and SANDWITHS of the time excused their worst excesses under the same influence of fanatical sympathy. Equally anxious to attach discredit to his country and to Christianity, Dr. SANDWITH dilates on the excesses committed in Jamaica, which were as earnestly denounced at the time by some of the most inveterate antagonists of his doctrines as by himself and his political allies. There is no more hackneyed or mischievous method of extenuation of guilt than the citation of precedents furnished by opponents. To Dr. SANDWITH it appears that the principles of the Commune are worthy of unqualified approval, and that its measures, even where they were not absolutely justifiable, ought to be tenderly and favourably judged. It is useless to engage in a controversy where the disputants have no common principle to start from; but even if the abolition of property, the absolute supremacy of the working class, and the suppression of religion were expedient, the murder of the Archbishop of PARIS and the other hostages would not the less be among the foulest of crimes.

GAMBETTA.

THE reappearance of M. GAMBETTA on the scene of French politics is perhaps the most significant event of the day in France. He disappeared from the theatre in which he had played so great a part when he found that an enforced peace was all the result attained by his passionate efforts to retrieve the honour and the fortunes of his country. For four months he has hid in obscurity, and during the greater part of that time he has not even been in France. Suddenly he announces that he is coming back, and is going to stand for Paris. Nobody appears to have invited him or to want him. M. THIERS is half afraid, half ashamed of him, as the head of those rabid maniacs who made France go on fighting after all hope of prosperous fighting was over. The Legitimists and Bonapartists detest him. Even the Republicans thought him dangerous. Still he came; he issued a manifesto at Bordeaux, and within a day or two he was elected not only at Paris but in at least two other constituencies. There might be nothing in this. France would be indeed a poor country, forgetful of stirring memories and ungrateful to those who believed in her most, if there were no constituencies which M. GAMBETTA could address successfully. He might have shown himself nothing more than a decayed national hero, an actor whose part was played out, a second and milder edition of LAMARTINE. But, as it happens, he has come forward in a new character. His Bordeaux manifesto is the most important political utterance addressed to France for many a long day. He has got something to say that is most thoroughly worth the consideration of France. He has a distinct programme of thought and action by which he intends to abide; and if he can but show in action the sagacity, the foresight, and moderation which he has displayed in the theoretical enunciation of his views and aims, there is no doubt but that he will play a great part in the history of France during the next few years.

M. GAMBETTA's object in addressing his hearers at Bordeaux was to determine accurately the position of that section of the Republican party to which he belongs, to fix its programme,

and to elucidate the relations it should hold towards the other chief parties now prominent in France. The first step he has taken is to clear away the mists that overhang the past. He has no reticency or mock modesty on this head. France has, he avows, been beaten because of its physical and moral inferiority to Germany. It is cheering to him to be able to attribute a great part of the evil to the pernicious influence of the Empire. But still true facts remain true. France is humbled to the dust because it has bowed the knee to false gods; because it has grovelled at the feet of a military adventurer; because it is eaten up with an absurd vanity and beclouded with a dense ignorance. What, he asks himself, are the remedies for such a state of things? First of all, France must bear to have the truth told it. The plebiscite of May 1870 was a most mischievous ratification of a corrupt Government. But still there is no use in denying that France, in the May of last year, freely and fully gave the ratification of a popular vote to this Government. But why did it do this? Simply because most Frenchmen are so densely ignorant. Rural France knows nothing, understands nothing, learns nothing. The one aim of the real Republican party must be, according to M. GAMBETTA, to combat and dispel this ignorance. Two-thirds of his speech at Bordeaux were directed to an examination of the causes and consequences of this ignorance and of the means of removing it. The peasants do not appreciate the Revolution. Why? Because in their hopeless ignorance they do not understand that the Revolution is the beginning of everything good, whether for them or for others. They are shy of the Republic? Why? Because they have never been taught, poor creatures! that the Republic is the embodiment and perfect realization of all that is good. The artisans are not much wiser, and so the Commune fell into those crimes and excesses which M. GAMBETTA has the prudent courage to deplore. He was not very hard on the Communists, and it was not to be expected that he should be, as it is presumably through their votes that his seat for Paris has been won. He speaks of them as of lambs that have gone astray for lack of a shepherd. He and his friends are now going to tend them, and lead them through green pastures. He will see, so far as in him lies, that the Republic is maintained, and that the Republic does its duty by them. This duty is to ensure that they shall be educated. And the education of French peasants and artisans at which M. GAMBETTA aims is twofold. They are, in the first place, to have all the advantages which the high place of France in the world of science ought to give them. Physical truths are for them to be the initiation into political truths. And then they are to have a military education. Every Frenchman is to be taught to fight for his country, and no one is to be held worthy of participating in the high function of helping to govern France who has not proved his willingness and ability to fight for her, as well as his apprehension of a certain amount of scientific truths. All lesser views are for the moment to be thrown into the background. Decentralization, as M. GAMBETTA said, is an excellent thing, but he had not time to dwell on it. He has only one goal before him, one dream that haunts him, and that is the rescuing of France from its dense ignorance. Some day or other Frenchmen may be fit to think of winning back Alsace and Lorraine. But for the present they must not heed matters that are too great for them. The only thought that should now occupy their minds is the consideration how, by the acquirement of the rudiments of science and of the habits of drill, they may make themselves worthy to be citizens of a French Republic.

All this was spoken with an earnestness and force which inspired the conviction that the speaker only spoke after having thoroughly thought over what he was saying. Perhaps it was not very original to say that French peasants and artisans are densely ignorant; and it is at least in accordance with views prevalent among a large number of French politicians that M. GAMBETTA should have pronounced in favour of connecting popular education with the teaching of physical science and with military training. What is really remarkable is that the clearness and fervour with which he has grasped these doctrines should have enabled him to mark out a clear, consistent, and practical course for the party he claims to lead. He finds the Republic established. He finds it possessed of the power of borrowing milliards, and of suppressing a revolt which, as he says, would have upset ten monarchies. A Republican Government, and, what is more, a strong Republican Government, is in existence, and with such a Government he can co-operate. He and his friends will be in the Opposition, but it will not be an oppo-

sition such as they offered to the Empire. Then their only end was to destroy something that was positively and wholly bad. Now their object is to preserve and to guide to a better and larger end something that is good in itself. M. GAMBETTA offers himself as the friend—the stern, strong-minded, but affectionate friend—of M. THIERS. The Republic exists, and M. THIERS presides over it, and M. GAMBETTA will watch over the Republic and M. THIERS. It is true that parties exist in France and in the French Assembly the aims and beliefs of which are incompatible with the maintenance of a Republic. The Legitimists and the Imperialists are undoubtedly not to be coaxed into being good Republicans. But what is the line which Republicans ought to adopt towards them? It is to dispel the ignorance on which the hostile parties habitually trade. The peasants are to be taught that the Legitimists would gladly restore primogeniture, and they are to be cured of the nonsensical belief, now so largely affecting them, that the First NAPOLEON was the incarnation of the glorious Revolution, the author of the subdivision of land, and the creator of the Code which unhappily bears his name. They will then see that it was the Republic that originally gave them all they most cherish, as it is the Republic that can alone now give them that wide and vigorous system of education for the lack of which they have so long been deprived of the golden fruits which the Republic bears in its bosom. But it is a great proof of his good sense that M. GAMBETTA takes care to nip in the bud the natural hope his admirers might entertain, that they are themselves destined to have the actual conduct of affairs in France. It is, he points out, quite as great an aim to work indirectly through others as directly by oneself. There will, he foresees, be a great many half-hearted Republicans in any Assembly that in the next few years France is likely to elect. The great thing is to be staunch in opposition to bad principles, but to be very indulgent and conciliatory towards mistaken men. If Legitimists and Imperialists can be got to serve the Republic, every occasion, he thinks, should be used of employing their services. All that true Republicans should think of is not their personal glory or the sweets of power, but the advancement of education. The rate of progress will, he knows, be slow, and the disappointments many; but true Republicans must learn to be quite content if only they can see Frenchmen learning every day to be wiser men and better soldiers. Thus M. GAMBETTA will take his seat in the Assembly not as a fierce partisan, or as an impracticable, irreconcilable adventurer, but as the patient, watchful guardian of great interests. That he will encounter the most bitter opposition it is needless to say. No programme could possibly be more distasteful to the clergy than that which he lays down. Scientific education and military training are not among the things blessed by the Syllabus. Frenchmen, as a rule, are very obstinate and very timid, and their old hatred of Republicanism will not easily pass away. But at any rate M. GAMBETTA has carved out for himself and those whom he leads a policy which appeals loudly to the imagination and the conscience of many of his countrymen, and which must inspire respect even in those who may be ready to denounce it as Utopian, visionary, or ill-founded. He comes into the Assembly as a new power, not readily to be put down or ignored; and if he has but the requisite tact and prudence and command over his more bitter and enthusiastic followers, he can scarcely fail to leave his impress on the Government he aids, or on the Assembly which cannot escape from the consideration of the aims which he pledges himself, if possible, to attain.

RAILWAY PROSPERITY.

RAILWAY investments which three years ago were popularly believed to be unproductive, if not ruinous, have gradually become highly profitable. The unearned increment of gain arising from the advance of wealth and population, which Mr. MILL proposes to abstract from the property of landowners, makes a much larger and more rapid addition to the wealth of railway shareholders. Those among them who understood the emptiness of popular clamour long since foresaw the favourable change which has recently affected their prospects. While over-cautious purchasers confined themselves exclusively to safe and non-elastic investments in debentures and preference shares, more sagacious capitalists perceived that ordinary stock would on the return of prosperity produce a much larger profit. Almost every large Railway Company had in the worst of times covered its fixed charges, and even paid a dividend to its original proprietors. It was obvious that

all future increase of traffic would exclusively benefit the ordinary shareholders, who would secure the greatest advantage when the fixed liabilities were proportionately largest. The result has confirmed calculations which could only have been disputed by that wonderful class of pessimists which in times of panic devotes itself to the theoretical depreciation of the value of industrial enterprises. The traffic of all the great lines in the mineral and manufacturing districts has largely expanded; but London and North-Western shares have only risen from 110 to 133, while Great Western shares have more than doubled in value. The difference is explained exclusively by the comparatively small proportion of Great Western ordinary stock to debentures and preference shares. An increase of five per cent. of net profit on the entire capital of an undertaking becomes fifteen per cent. when it is appropriated as profit to a third of the total amount. A similar advantage on a larger scale has long been enjoyed by the ordinary shareholders in the French Railways. In some of the French Companies ninety per cent. of the whole capital receives a fixed percentage in the form of debentures or other fixed securities, and consequently the fortunate holders of the ordinary stock receive dividends which have no parallel in England.

Even the Companies which still suffer under difficulties share in the general improvement. The London, Chatham and Dover stock, as reconstituted by the award of Lord SALISBURY and Lord CAIRNS, returns a larger or smaller dividend to the more fortunate classes of holders; and even the remote prospects of the ordinary shareholders appear from the Stock Exchange lists to be saleable in the market. The North British Company, which for two or three years could only issue deferred warrants for its best preference dividends, now pays in full on the greater part of its preference stock; and sanguine expectations are cherished of a future dividend even on ordinary shares. No other great railway undertaking is now embarrassed by similar difficulties. On three-fourths of the railway mileage of the United Kingdom the capital invested probably returns an average of more than five per cent. The total income derived from 400,000,000*l.* invested in railways exceeds four per cent. on the amount. If English railways were, to the great inconvenience of the community, worked with the parsimony which prevails abroad, the working expenses might, on the assumption that the traffic would remain the same, be largely diminished; but in a country where even idle men think time of value, it is probable that frequent and fast trains promote locomotion and despatch of goods even more than they increase the outlay of the Companies. The multiplication both of trunk lines and of branches has scarcely kept pace with the necessities of traffic. Some of the projected lines which were abandoned in consequence of the collapse of 1866 will soon be revived. The London and North-Western Company is now laying down a fourth set of rails on the main line for a considerable length from London; and it is not improbable that a similar increase of accommodation for mineral traffic will be required on several of the principal railways. A Company must be prosperous before it can afford to enlarge its capital account for public accommodation. The wisacres who formerly insisted that extensions should be made out of revenue would have put a stop to all improvement.

Even the passenger lines to the South of London have shared in the general increase of traffic, although the Continental war and the subsequent disturbances in Paris have caused a heavy loss to the Kentish railways. There is no reason to doubt that the Continental traffic will speedily revive, and the Southern lines have opened a new source of profit which was never contemplated for many years after they were constructed. The seaborne coal trade in the Channel has been almost entirely displaced by the railways, and as far West as Poole or Weymouth the supply is now received by way of London. Through the Metropolitan the Chatham and Dover Railway communicates with the Great Northern and the Midland, and by way of Kensington the Northern railways reach the Brighton and South-Western. The line which has lately been authorised from Euston and Charing Cross will bring the South-Eastern into direct connexion with the great coal railways, and the Great Eastern and Midland will have an additional approach to Kent and Surrey by the East London. It is scarcely to be expected that passenger traffic on a large scale will at any time pass through London without stopping; but for goods and minerals destined for the Southern counties the metropolis is no longer a terminus. The lines which traverse non-producing districts will always be subject to the disadvantage of a small goods traffic, and minerals have the defect of only going, like Cacus's oxen, in one direction; but the conversion of the Southern lines into

extensions of the Northern railways will render them far more productive. It is possible that their Directors may find it profitable to encourage passenger traffic by diminishing the fares, which, especially on some parts of the South-Eastern system, are unreasonably high. Pleasure traffic is of all other kinds most dependent on cheapness and on abundance of accommodation; but wherever the South-Eastern is safe from the competition of the Chatham and Dover, it seems to be the object of the Board to reduce the number of travellers to the lowest possible amount.

The Directors of the great railways are for the most part not disinclined to practise a judicious liberality when it is recommended by the interests of their shareholders. As their property becomes more profitable, sound policy will recommend both a diminution of charges and an ample regard for public accommodation. It is not desirable to excite by excessive dividends the cupidity of Ministers or of economical theorists. When Railway Companies were poor, the State was urged to appropriate undertakings which were supposed to have been mismanaged; and, as they become rich, the demand will, for opposite reasons, probably become more urgent. All but the oldest lines might, under Mr. GLADSTONE'S Act, be compulsorily purchased by the Government, and the dividends are restricted to ten per cent.; and, although the shareholders would not be immediate losers by the transaction, they would probably by preference retain their present investments. They will therefore act wisely both in keeping their charges at a low rate and in filling up gaps in their systems. If at any time the principal Companies attain their maximum dividend, the transfer of their property to the State will be inevitable. It would indeed be possible to distribute the surplus by reduction of rates among passengers and freighters; but the proprietors of an undertaking which they are not allowed to improve for their own benefit necessarily assume the position of annuitants or mortgagees. Many Gas Companies and some Water Companies are already in the position of having no motive for increasing the efficiency of their undertakings. When Railway Companies arrive at the same level of stagnant prosperity, the exertions which have covered the whole country with railways will naturally relax. It is the more desirable that the existing Companies should construct the lines which are still required, because it is impossible to procure private capital for any speculation of the kind. For five-and-twenty years no railway has been made with capital issued in the form of ordinary shares. The Act which prohibits the payment of interest out of capital during construction offers a perverse impediment to railway extension. As it appears that Mr. GLADSTONE is a railway shareholder, he may perhaps at some time have leisure to inquire into the effects of a regulation which strongly resembles in principle the obsolete usury law. The restriction is due to the overstrained solicitude of Lord REDESDALE for the limitation of railway enterprise; and the natural effect of the rule is to increase the charge from which it seeks to relieve railway promoters. New lines cannot be made without money, and money cannot be obtained except at a price. Arbitrary interference with commercial bargains always involves a loss to one party or to both. It is not the business of the Legislature to discourage any kind of industrial enterprise.

FROM FLORENCE TO ROME.

THE King of ITALY has made his formal entry into Rome, and has been followed thither by the representatives of the European Powers. All the business of the Italian Government will henceforward be carried on in the new capital. The revolution which has been so long in progress is at last accomplished. The unity of Italy is complete. Yet to an Italian patriot there must be something disheartening in the contrast between the early hopes and the late fruition. We hear of "indescribable enthusiasm" in the people at the sight of VICTOR EMMANUEL, and of a spontaneous illumination of the city, exceeding in brightness any of the compulsory illuminations which have from time to time been supposed to testify to the devotion of the Romans towards the Temporal Power. But whatever may have been the feelings of an excitable population, treated after a long interval of forced abstinence to the delights of a great spectacle, there seems to be little enough enthusiasm in the Italian nation generally. Rome has come to them after all through the weakness of others, and though the substantial usefulness of the prize may not be lessened by this fact, its sentimental and emotional value is

not the same. There was a time when the possession of Rome seemed the essential condition of national unity, when no sacrifice was too great, no danger too formidable, to be encountered for this paramount object. But on this there followed a time when Rome, instead of being the key to national unity, became the symbol of national division. The steady progress of events has made it the capital of Italy, but the most prominent names in that long chain of circumstances are Aspromonte and Mentana. To the Italian Government the possession of Rome stands in something like the relation in which the question of the Ballot stands to the Liberal party in this country. They have been irresistibly drawn towards it, but the attraction has been the force rather of old watchwords than of actual necessities. The conclusiveness of the demonstration that Naples, Turin, and Venice can never be governed except from Rome has been a good deal damaged by the fact that they have for some years past been fairly well governed from Florence, and no reasonable person will suppose that the Royal House is any the safer because it will in future share with the POPE the hatred felt by a certain class of Republicans for any non-Republican Government which claims Rome for its seat. But though there may be danger in fulfilling a destiny from which the bloom has been brushed off, there would have been equal danger in leaving it unfulfilled. The same men who are ready to fight against VICTOR EMMANUEL because he reigns at Rome would have been quite as ready to fight against him if he had been content to reign anywhere else. They may hold that the genius of Rome is outraged by the presence of a king within her walls; but they would have equally resented the insult of a King of ITALY thinking it consistent with his pretensions to remain for ever outside them.

Yet the difficulties which the Italian Government have to contend with in Rome are not the less serious because to confront them was the only means of escape from another set of dangers in their rear. In the first place, there is the temper of the population. In ordinary cases it is an advantage of monarchical government that the Sovereign is placed above the party passions of his subjects, and by that means raises the Executive to something like the same level. But in Rome the Sovereign and the Executive are only the representatives of the victorious faction, and consequently they concentrate on themselves all the hatred which a defeated minority can feel for the revolution that has dispossessed it. The language in which the Italian Government is spoken of by the adherents of the POPE recalls that of the Jacobite libels on the Government of WILLIAM III. Even when softened by distance, their feelings find expression in descriptions of VICTOR EMMANUEL as "the Sovereign of broken troth and unbridled passions, the Sovereign with the morality of a Mussulman and the conscience of a mostrooper," in characterizing his entry into Rome as the "signal triumph of the worst cause, personified by the worst man, in Europe," and in predictions that "for a time . . . cries of blasphemy will resound" in the basilicas, "Christian practices will be interdicted as completely as if some old Pagan Emperor 'sat in the city of the Caesars,' on the walls of sacred monuments 'indecent pictures will glitter, and filthy ditties be chanted by dissolute troopers in the halls and passages of the Vatican.'" These quotations are taken from an influential Roman Catholic newspaper published in Dublin; and if this is the tone adopted by Irishmen who have other things to occupy them, what is likely to be the temper of men animated with the same sentiments who live in Rome itself? They are certain to misconstrue every act of the Italian Government, and to set down to the Government a variety of acts with which its only connexion will be the punishment of those who have been guilty of them. What is worse, this systematic perversion and exaggeration of what takes place in Rome will in the end inevitably tend to justify itself. Officials who are continually denounced as tyrants are naturally tempted to show that they can be what they are called. This difficulty is common to all Governments which reign by virtue of having deposed another Government. What is not common to all such cases is the presence, the necessary and acknowledged presence, of the displaced sovereign in the capital itself. WILLIAM III. suffered somewhat from the violence of Jacobite pamphleteers, but at all events his rival was well out of the way. He was not obliged to give Whitehall Palace up to JAMES II., while he himself had to live at Kensington. Certainly, from the Papal point of view, PIUS IX. has done well to remain in Rome. Nowhere else could he be such a thorn in the flesh to the King of ITALY, nowhere else could he buffet him with so much certainty and so little effort. Anywhere else he might be forgotten unless he did

something to keep himself in VICTOR EMMANUEL'S recollection. In Rome he need do nothing. No man can feel completely sovereign in Rome so long as the Vatican is inhabited by a pretender who cannot be expelled, and will not be conciliated. For the present, VICTOR EMMANUEL is popular with his new subjects, but some day or other he will offend them, or be driven to tax them, which comes to much the same thing, and then they are sure to draw an injurious comparison between his rule and the POPE'S. All subjects of a new Government do this, whether they have any reason for it or not; but with most subjects the operation of this law is modified by that other law, "Out of sight out of mind." Here there will be no room for any such qualification. PIUS IX. will still be in his old place, ready at any moment to accept the old homage.

For the first time, again, the Italian Monarchy will find itself the principal object of the hostility of the Universal Republic. There has always been a considerable amount of Republican feeling in Italy, but hitherto it has been of a local and, speaking comparatively, moderate type. As long as the French Empire existed NAPOLEON III. was the chosen foe of the Republican who scorns the bonds of time and place. Now, however, NAPOLEON III. is beneath hatred, and though the Universal Republic can have no love for the Government that has succeeded him in France, there are reasons which will make it prudent to break ground next time in a new country. Its adherents have recently tried conclusions in Paris, and found their strength inferior to their needs. England has been talked of, but only, it seems, in those French journals which believe that some signal catastrophe must be reserved by Providence for the nation which has neither helped France nor surrendered the Communists. Germany has Republican elements within her frontier, but they will hardly care to assert themselves on the morrow of the Imperial triumph. Spain is so much less likely to influence Italy than to be influenced by Italy that it can have no claim to be preferred before it. Italy, by the known fondness for Republican institutions of many of her people, by the lukewarm opposition which would be offered by the Papal party to any movement which had in view the overthrow of the KING'S Government, and by the attraction exercised by the name of Rome on the devotees of that fanatical irreligion which seems to be the established creed of the Universal Republic, has the best possible title to be chosen as the theatre of the next outbreak. It remains to be seen how the Italian Government will acquit itself when thus enclosed between two fires.

The most favourable chance that could befall Italy would be the double contingency of the death of PIUS IX. and the election of a Pope who would co-operate with the KING'S Ministers in framing a compromise between the rival pretensions of Church and State in Rome, and in fencing it against the insecurity which must necessarily accompany any arrangement that has no other basis than a Parliamentary vote which may be rescinded in the following Session. The reasonable claims of the Roman Catholic body throughout the world need not be incompatible with the political rights of the Italian people. Unfortunately they are certain to be so accounted during the lifetime of the present POPE, and the prospect of his successor being of a different mind in this matter is too remote—morally, if not chronologically—to be a profitable subject for speculation.

MR. GLADSTONE A SHAREHOLDER.

PUCK talked of putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, and the PUCKS of the Metropolitan Railway and the Metropolitan District Railway have long talked about girdling London with iron bands. But in neither case can we find that this lofty promise has been fulfilled. The missing link has not yet been forged, nor does it seem likely to be supplied. The ugly gap between Moorgate Street and the Mansion House is open, and we have no promise that it will ever be filled up. The Metropolitan District line was to have been carried to Tower Hill, and from Tower Hill to Moorgate Street, the City terminus or starting-point of the Metropolitan line; but we are to wait, it seems, indefinitely for this completion of the great circle of London railway traffic. Thankful, however, for the smallest mercies which we get from Railway Companies, passengers, say from Baker Street, who want to be set down at the Bank, may think themselves favoured when they may reach their destination by taking a summer day's circuit to Kensington and the pleasant defiles of Hammersmith, instead of being landed at Moorgate Street through the dangers of Fleet Ditch and the salubrious gales of

Cow Cross and the Smithfield Meat Market. The extension of the Metropolitan District *enceinte* was inaugurated—we delight in these pretty words—by the usual formalities of an experimental trip, a sumptuous *déjeuner*, and a congratulatory oration from the PREMIER himself. The Ministerial journals are in ecstasy at the appearance of the people's WILLIAM in the sewers. The *Guardian* will, we dare say, next week moralize—perhaps it has this week moralized—sententiously on the religious aspect of the event, and the *Daily Telegraph* for once has had its breath taken away, and has relapsed into something, as it candidly owns, like stolidity at the greatness of the great event of a railway making a stop within view of the Mansion House itself. The *Daily Telegraph* is struck dull, though not dumb; and after ranging from ARCHIMEDES and the Marquis of WORCESTER to Messrs. SPIERS and POND, falls into a fit of *nil admirari*, and hints that there is nothing left to be astonished at—which is quite true; for if the *Telegraph* is not astonished at its own existence and its own splendours of writing, there is certainly nothing left to surprise our contemporary. It is a serious loss to letters that the *Telegraph* owns that it has come to a state of "sedateness" "approaching stoicism or stolidity."

It is, however, some consolation to those who have hearts to feel the greatness of our mother age that, though "the vulgar"—excluding, we trust, the *Daily Telegraph*—may be hardened to such familiar marvels, it is at once "gratifying and instructive that the Prime Minister of England does not seem to be quite so dead to the magnitude of events." Not all the geese in the Capitol keep their heads under their wings. The arbiter of our destinies has delivered a "brilliant speech," and great is the joy in the Share Market. Not only has Mr. GLADSTONE taken a vast interest in metropolitan railway extension ever since "his distinguished friend, Mr. FOWLER, explained to him the object of the line," which one would have thought hardly needed a commentator, but he has backed his confidence in the undertaking, after the English fashion and the practice of the betting-ring, with his money. He finds that the London Railway is not only favourable to the interests of the democracy, but is likely to turn out a very fair investment. Consequently he has become a shareholder in this odoriferous subterranean concern. We might have conjectured this, as they say, on *à priori* grounds. Having once stepped into the gutter in company with Mr. FINLEN and Mr. ODGER, it wanted but a single step to descend into the sewer with Mr. FOWLER. But we have a word to say, not about the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE has become a shareholder in the Underground scheme, but about the peculiarity of his announcement of the event. Mr. GLADSTONE has a perfect right to make what investments he pleases in porcelain or pictures, mines or Limited Liabilities; we can only congratulate the PREMIER on having money to invest, and, as we should do with ourselves or friends, only hope that the speculation would turn out well. In the interests of the working men we are glad to see that the PREMIER, like a sensible man, has not been forgetful of his own. He has enlarged on the theme that the working man is of our own flesh and blood; and he has proved by his late investment that he also is of the flesh and blood of the working man, and hopes to make a good thing of him. Mr. GLADSTONE says that the charm of railway investment, at least of this particular investment, consists in the Pleasures of Hope. It is something for speculators to be assured that, in the spirit in which M. JOURDAIN unconsciously cultivated prose all his life, their ardent devotion to the Share List has all along been inspired by Mr. THOMAS CAMPBELL'S poetry. We can quite believe in the sincerity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S congratulations to his brother shareholders on the recent rise in Metropolitan, and rejoice that he has found time, as most of us do, "to look to the weekly traffic returns." The PREMIER has "a private interest in the Railway," because the Railway is a private interest to him, especially if, as we hope, but are not informed, that he bought his shares low. And, moreover, although Mr. GLADSTONE, in making an investment, would have been an idiot if he had not bought into what he thought would turn out a good thing, still the Pleasures of Hope resolve themselves very naturally into the more substantial pleasure of better dividends. Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps goes quite as far as any system of extant morals would justify him in pronouncing "that there is nothing more ennobling to a man than "to look far into the future"—that future in this case being a seven per cent. concern which you have bought into at two and a-half. It is for the first time, and now we know it on the highest authority, that diligence in the Share

Market is the most ennobling pursuit of man—not a Noble Life, but a life than which “nothing is more ennobling.” Henceforth let Capel Court glow with the glories of the spiritual world. The true heroes of mankind are not saints and martyrs, but the successful Bulls and Bears of the Share Market.

Something remains. We have just pointed out a distinction between Mr. GLADSTONE as a shareholder and Mr. GLADSTONE's formal announcement of his shareholding. The difference is important. Mr. GLADSTONE, we are given to understand, never votes in Parliament on questions in which his private interest is concerned; and it would be well if Railway Directors in Parliament were to accept and act upon this hint. But there are things more substantially valuable to a Railway Company than a vote in Parliament. The PREMIER's speech at Messrs. SPIERS and POND's banquet is of more value to the Metropolitan District Railway than many votes at Westminster. Let us illustrate this. There may arise, as there have already arisen, many questions between the public and Railway Companies, in which most naturally either party takes an opposite side. There is the compensation for accidents question, for example; Mr. GLADSTONE, like all other shareholders, must take one side where the public takes another. Then there are such questions—and such a question has arisen with this very Company—as the abandonment of schemes of extension to which Parliament has pledged the Companies. The Metropolitan District Company was legally compelled to carry its extension to Tower Hill. This compulsion the Company has endeavoured to evade. We do not say, and we do not think, that in the last resort Mr. GLADSTONE would prefer his own interest as a shareholder to the requirements of public feeling in such a case. But the Company has in Mr. GLADSTONE's earnest advocacy and adoption of the Company's policy a tower of strength and at least a fulcrum of indirect influence on Parliament. Anyhow, this particular line enjoys the PREMIER's present confidence; and he has taken the most formal mode of expressing publicly that confidence. We do not say, because we have no means of knowing, that any present rise—and a slight daily rise has been announced every day—in Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Shares is to be attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE's “brilliant speech.” We are quite certain that no such motive influenced his presence at Cannon Street on Saturday; but Directors are more worldly-wise than Premiers. The Company invested well in Mr. GLADSTONE's presence, and in his eulogy on the ennobling life. Mr. PITT had no money to invest. PEEL and PALMERSTON cut first sods and “inaugurated” extensions and district branches; but a Premier calling public attention to his railway investments, and puffing the concern in which he has invested, is a novelty which displays an amiable, yet something of an injudicious, frankness and simplicity.

THE ARMY DEBATES.

THE debate on the third reading of the Army Bill was as little satisfactory as any of the previous discussions. Little peddling points were made for and against the scheme sufficient to gratify the orators themselves, but nothing of real weight was said, or could be said, that had not been heard and disregarded at least a dozen times before. By dint of sheer repetition the blows of the Opposition had become comparatively harmless. If any one remarked that, of the two halves of the Government Bill, the more costly and the less useful had been retained, the observation fell as truisms do fall upon the weary ear. No one could answer it; but then it was stale, and no one cared to answer it; and Ministers enjoyed something almost like a triumph in the utter indifference with which they were able to stand up under what ought to have been, and indeed once had been, absolutely crushing arguments. An occasion such as this was one admirably adjusted to War Office tastes and feelings. Sir HENRY STOKES was quite at home, and Mr. CARDWELL was cheery over his failures. The SURVEYOR-GENERAL had not much to say, it is true—the point of his speech being that he entirely differed from a previous speaker who had said something “more or less directed against the War Office” and the persons employed therein.” Sir HENRY STOKES, with charming *naïveté*, demolished the adverse view by bearing his own testimony to the excellence of himself and his colleagues. So conclusive did this piece of evidence appear, that Sir HENRY did not consider it at all necessary to back up his opinion with facts. It was enough that the War Office, personified by its most prominent member, differed from those who thought little of the War Office and its ways.

And, indeed, no one should be better acquainted with the defects of that establishment than the officer who devised and superintends what is called the Control Department; and if he, with all his means of knowledge, is satisfied with himself and his work, either the War Office must be a more nearly perfect establishment than is generally imagined, or else Sir HENRY STOKES has made little use of his opportunities. Singularly enough, this expression of entire satisfaction—so near akin to self-satisfaction—was followed in the same breath by a repetition of the old confession of failure. “Pray ‘don't say anything about the age and quality of ‘our recruits. We would gladly do better, but we ‘have no choice; we can't get the men we want, ‘and so we must do without them,’ was once more the burden of the song. And yet it does seem strange that a Department which without difficulty extracts uncounted millions from the House of Commons merely by asking for them, should declare itself unable to devise any method by which some thirty thousand full-grown men may be recruited year by year. It seems stranger still that the officers of that helpless Department should be quite satisfied that they deserve the confidence of the country. But Sir HENRY STOKES says they do, and a majority of the House of Commons acquiesces in, if it does not adopt, the suggestion.

Mr. CARDWELL was even more singularly happy in his speech than his great lieutenant, and some of his arguments were really sound. Hot-headed opponents had said that by reducing his Bill to a measure for the abolition at one blow of Purchase and Lord-Lieutenants in matters military, he had emasculated the original proposal. Whoever had been rash enough to suggest that the Bill was capable of the process of emasculation was duly punished for his pains. Mr. CARDWELL went with minute elaboration through all the clauses which he had cut out, and proved conclusively that there was not one of them worth retaining. If any other portion of the Bill had been selected for destruction we have no doubt the proof would have been equally easy. “What,” asks Mr. CARDWELL, with exultation, “are the valuable clauses which have been omitted?” And then he goes on to explain that the original clauses as to short service were of no consequence, as they were never anything more than slightly modified repetitions of the enactments of last year. Then the long string of clauses for enabling the Crown on an emergency to raise the Militia by ballot are also omitted. But Mr. CARDWELL was quite right in saying that the sacrifice of these clauses does not injure the Bill. They never could have worked, and, so far as can be judged, were never meant to work. They were put into the Bill to give it an imposing appearance of vigour, and to pacify those who were anxious to see our defences really strengthened. Having performed their part, and helped to float the Bill into July, they may be abandoned without the regret of a single human being. All this is very true, but it is scarcely for Mr. CARDWELL to exult in the fact that one-half of the grand Ministerial measure of the year was a mere showy sham which would have done nothing whatever to effect its ostensible object.

It is some relief to turn from the empty military debates in the Commons to the pregnant military conversation in the Lords. It is something to see the real question—whether we are to have a respectably strong army or not—considered, however inadequate the proposed solution may be. Practical remarks from men such as Lord STRATHNAIRN and Lord SANDHURST must tell after a sufficient number of repetitions upon the dullest among us. In the face of demonstrations to the contrary, we can't go on for ever stupidly believing that with a given number of red-coats we must needs have an army, though half the coats cover slight and half-grown lads. Neither will it be possible for ever to blind ourselves to the fact that even the present strength of the army must dwindle away if half the men are gradually transferred to the Reserve. Unless we recruit twice as fast as we did, we cannot keep up double the number of men as, taking army and Reserve together, it is proposed to do. All this is universally admitted, but it is almost as universally considered to be no one's business to look after these details, and the public in general cannot get themselves to believe that so self-complacent a Minister as Mr. CARDWELL can be really destroying the army which he has undertaken to maintain. And yet the few facts that are obtained from Lord NORTHBROOK (none, of course, can ever be extracted from Mr. CARDWELL) do show that there is no answer to the criticisms of Lords STRATHNAIRN and SANDHURST, and that, in fact (including boys and all), we are not recruiting much more than half as many men as will be required to keep up the force which the Government profess their intention of raising. Lord NORTHBROOK has an impression that the recruit-

ing system admits of improvement. Mr. CARDWELL is quite confident about the future, but would not be guilty of the indiscretion of revealing the reasons of his hopefulness. And Mr. GOSCHEN, who ought to have known better, amuses himself by saying that we need not fear Battles of Dorking, for whatever might be the shortcomings of Government, he should have faith in the inexhaustible pluck of Englishmen to pull the country through all its difficulties. A few months ago they said much the same in France (though there they call it *élan*), and we all know what "inexhaustible pluck" came to when pitted against forethought, discipline, and organization. This is the sort of bunkum which Ministers have to give us in place of solid organizing work.

ARRANGEMENT OF JUDICIAL BUSINESS.

THE discussion in both Houses of Parliament as to the proposed adjournment of the TICHBORNE trial is remarkable not only in reference to a case about which everybody is talking but nobody presumes to write, but also as an example of how English lawyers delight to ascribe a character of inflexibility to their law. A person who knew something of judicial proceedings but nothing of English Courts would assume without hesitation that such a trial would be as nearly as possible continuous. But the counsel in this case find that, according to existing law, the Court in which it is being tried cannot sit between August 10 and October 24; and they agree that, if this is so, the Court had better adjourn on July 10; and this arrangement is approved by the Judge. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the Judge considered so long an adjournment desirable. It would be enough for him that the law did not empower him to sit after August 10, and he would no more think of getting the law altered than of asking the sun not to rise to-morrow. The Legislature and the Judicature move in different spheres, and it does not seem to have been contemplated by the British Constitution that they should communicate. The adjournment of such a case for such a length of time would to a great extent undo what has been done, but the Court cannot help that. A jury are expected to give their verdict not so much on what they read as on what they see and hear, and the impressions on their minds must necessarily be obliterated by lapse of time. All this, however, lay beyond the Judge's field of view. "It was a mere question," said he, "whether the adjournment should be in the second week of July or the second week of August, and if both parties concurred that the adjournment should be in the second week of July he did not feel in a position to compel them to proceed." Thus the matter was arranged in Court on the 20th ult., and this arrangement stood until recently, when the dissatisfaction of some of the persons interested in the case found expression in petitions to Parliament, which have resulted in a promise by the Government to bring in a Bill to enable the Court to sit during the interval which has been hitherto consecrated to the Long Vacation.

The Bill, being general in terms, will doubtless be regarded by lawyers as introducing the thin end of the wedge for the future destruction of one of their most valued privileges. But really it is impossible to consider the administration of the law as carried on exclusively for the benefit of its administrators. Even if a case were under hearing by Judges, and depended chiefly on documentary evidence, the allowance of an interval of three or four months between its commencement and conclusion would be a sufficiently absurd arrangement. Cases unsuitable for trial by jury are frequently referred to arbitrators, who hold their sittings whenever they and the counsel who appear before them happen to have no preferable engagement. These cases are consequently prolonged in hearing for many months, and suitors are commonly driven by them to the conclusion that litigation in Court is bad, and litigation before an arbitrator ten times worse. It can hardly be supposed that an arbitrator sitting at intervals of a month can carry in his mind all the features of the case as he could if he sat continuously. It would seem that if a case is unfit to be tried by a jury it ought to be tried by a Judge; but under the practice of our law such trial cannot usually be had. A case is entered for trial, briefs are delivered to counsel, witnesses are brought from a distance, and then it is discovered that the case must be referred. The plaintiff's counsel makes his opening speech, and the Judge listens to it until his turn comes, and then he offers the stereotyped suggestion that, as from the complication of the circumstances the case is manifestly unsuitable for investigation by a jury, it should be referred to some gentleman of the Bar. Here-

upon there is a brief colloquy between the counsel in the case, an arbitrator is agreed upon, his name is endorsed upon the briefs, and all is over. The parties perhaps think that the discovery of the inconvenience of trying the case might have been made before it was set down for trial. But the lawyers concerned are no more able to settle beforehand the mode of trial than the Judge and the counsel in the TICHBORNE case were able to prevent the interruption of it by a three months' holiday. "The law's delay" has long since come to be regarded as an irremediable evil like the east wind. The Judge in the TICHBORNE case complains that the case is killing him, but he must die if necessary, and be lamented. It is quite inconceivable that he can be helped. Judges belonging to other Courts come and sit upon the Bench beside him, but they cannot even give him the benefit of their opinion upon questions of law which arise while they are in Court. To suggest that two Judges should be employed upon the case would be extravagant and impracticable. There are at this moment three Judges, one belonging to each of the Courts, who, having been chosen by their brethren for the trial of election petitions, remain, in the absence of business of that kind, in the enjoyment of learned leisure. It has been stated that one of these three judges has volunteered to do business of other kinds, and it may be inferred from his offering to work that he and his two colleagues are entitled to do nothing. This, again, is a strange instance of the rigidity of the English legal system. We were happy to observe that Lord Chief Justice BOVILL stated himself to be in better health; but the improvement appears to have been only slight and transitory. Supposing that he continues unwell, and that the time of three other Judges is unoccupied, it would appear marvellous that he could not be assisted by one of them. In important criminal trials at the Old Bailey it is usual for two Judges to sit together, and surely when so much time and money are being spent upon this case, it is worth while for the administrators of the law to do their utmost to ensure a satisfactory trial.

In connexion with the question of adjournment the Judge mentioned that if he were prevented going circuit a substitute must be furnished at an expense to the country of 300*l*. It may seem surprising that one of the election Judges could not be asked to supply this Judge's place on circuit, but leaving that point to the consideration of the Treasury, we may remark that the country had better pay the 300*l*. than incur the reproach of allowing the case to be interrupted. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well; and, allowing a few days' respite, the case can be, and ought to be, heard continuously. If the presence of two Judges would have any effect in rendering the pending trial, whatever may be its result, conclusive, the country, as a mere matter of economy, should provide two Judges for the purpose. We suppose that at some time a verdict will be arrived at, and if, as not unfrequently happens, that verdict should be set aside and a new trial granted, the prospect of litigation becomes interminable. It is certain that, either in this particular case or in general, the worst economy is to employ too few Judges. The Court of Queen's Bench, which draws to itself a greater variety of business than the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer, has been left for a considerable time with one less than its proper complement of Judges. The repeated representations of Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN on this point have been disregarded by the Government, which is clearly bound either to show that the existing strength of the Court, with such assistance as can be obtained from other Courts, is sufficient, or to increase it. We do not approve the arrangement by which the Judges selected for hearing election petitions obtain exemption from other duties; but, setting that aside, there can be no greater mistake than that of overworking Judges. As was pointed out by Mr. Baron BRAMWELL some years ago, a Judge has much to do on days when he does not sit in Court. Some Judges think themselves bound to read the Law Reports; and there are cases for consideration in which judgment has been reserved, and depositions to be read before sitting at the Old Bailey, and many other duties require attention. If, indeed, any of the existing staff of Judges have leisure which may fairly be considered disposable for the public service, there is always a heavy arrears of Indian and Colonial appeals to which their attention might be directed. But this, again, would require some special arrangement which would appear to lawyers as impracticable as did at first the proposal for continuing the TICHBORNE trial during the Long Vacation. The arrears of appeals at the Privy Council have now become so heavy that Parliament has been compelled to consider a pro-

vision for dealing with them. If we could offer to our vast Indian and Colonial Empire a tribunal for the decision of important causes which should command confidence in its enlightenment and impartiality at the same time that it despatched business without heartbreaking delay, we should provide a strong and enduring bond of union between all parts of that Empire and ourselves, who are its centre. The mother-country ought to be prepared to offer to her children some things with which they cannot possibly supply themselves, and among those things may be reckoned a trustworthy Court of ultimate appeal. It would be a grave error to limit the number of the Judges of our Courts, and to work them so severely as to prevent them from performing their highest duties satisfactorily.

THE BOARD OF TRADE AND THE TRAMWAYS.

ALTHOUGH the debate on the tramways question in the House of Commons on Thursday was adjourned without any formal decision being arrived at, it may be assumed, after Mr. FORTESCUE's declaration and the strong feeling evinced by members generally, that no more tramways will now be sanctioned—at least within the area of the Metropolitan Board—until the whole subject has been fully investigated by an authoritative Committee. The precedent of the Metropolitan Railways may be followed with advantage, and a joint Committee of the two Houses appointed to conduct the inquiry. If any difficulty, however, should intervene, a Committee of the House of Commons would be preferable to a Commission. Mr. Cross has given notice of a motion for the repeal of the general Act which was passed last year to facilitate the construction and regulate the working of tramways; but if no new lines are for the present to be laid down, the Bill will only have a practical reference to suburban and provincial tramways. The speculators in tramways, whose fine schemes have, for the time at any rate, been frustrated, after a good deal of money has been spent in promoting them, have some reason to complain of the position in which they are placed. If anybody is to blame in the matter, it is certainly the Board of Trade, whose reckless endorsement of the wild projects submitted to it encouraged other enterprises of the same kind. Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE appears to be very imperfectly acquainted with the Act under which the Provisional Orders to which his name is attached have been framed. He gave the House of Commons to understand that the functions of the Board of Trade were limited to ascertaining that the consent of the local authorities had been given, and that the other requirements of the Act had been complied with. He assumed that, in the event of these conditions being fulfilled, he had no alternative but to sign the Provisional Orders embodying the different schemes, and present them to Parliament. This is altogether a misconception. We are afraid Mr. FORTESCUE has not taken the trouble to read the important Act which it is his duty to administer. If he had done so, he would have found the discretionary authority of the Board of Trade set forth in the most distinct and unmistakable language. All that the Board is bound to do is to consider each application for a Provisional Order and the objections on the other side, and to determine whether or not the promoters may proceed with the application. It is left entirely to its discretion what answer it shall give. To assist its judgment, the Board may direct an inquiry in the district to which the scheme relates, or may "otherwise inquire as to the propriety of proceeding upon such application." If, upon due consideration, it appears to the Board "expedient and proper that the application should be granted, with or without addition or modification, or subject or not to any restriction or condition, the Board of Trade may"—*may*, observe, and not *shall*—"settle and make a Provisional Order accordingly." Further, the clause goes on to say that the order shall contain such provisions as the Board, according to the nature of the application and the facts and circumstances of each case, thinks fit to submit to Parliament. In repudiating all responsibility for the schemes which have been brought forward in his name, Mr. FORTESCUE, we must presume, has been misled by some of his subordinates. It is quite clear that the Board is directly responsible to Parliament for the projects to which it has given its sanction, and that it has the fullest discretion, not only as to approving or rejecting every application, but also as to modifying and altering any scheme, as it may think proper.

Mr. FORTESCUE admits that the alarm which has been occasioned by the proposed introduction of tramways

into the interior of the metropolis is very natural, and that a distinction ought to be drawn between tramways in the suburbs and in the heart of a great city. It is unfortunate that he did not give effect to these views when the schemes were brought before him for endorsement. The suggestion in the Act of an inquiry in the district, and the reference to the "facts and circumstances of each case," show that it was meant that every application should be considered by the Board of Trade on its merits, and that local peculiarities should especially be taken into account. It is impossible to conceive that it could ever have been intended that Provisional Orders should be issued indiscriminately to every set of promoters who asked for them, and who were able to cajole or bribe the local authority into giving its consent. It is obviously the duty of the Board to sift the different schemes submitted to it, to reject those which are objectionable, and to ask Parliamentary sanction only for those which, after due inquiry and consideration, it is prepared to recommend on its own responsibility. Mr. FORTESCUE probably imagined that Captain TYLER's Report, and the gorgeous map accompanying it, would be a sufficient warning of the invasion with which London was threatened; but the manner in which metropolitan, suburban, and rural lines were all jumbled together in the Bill for confirming the Provisional Orders was certainly calculated to throw the House off its guard. Happily the vigilance of some of the members detected the dangerous elements of the combination, which, instead of being swallowed at a gulp, was picked to pieces. Last year, when the general Act was passed, it was never contemplated that it would be used as a cover for the introduction of tramways into the narrow, crowded thoroughfares of London; and the repeated divisions on this question during the last fortnight show that the House of Commons is determined not to permit so dangerous an experiment. After the successive rejection of the London Street Tramways Bill and the first of the Provisional Orders, it was evident that the fate of the other projects of the same kind was practically sealed. The only question was whether they would be withdrawn or thrown out. The House is bound, of course, to protect the interests of the public, but there is no desire to deal hardly with the speculators who have been led astray by the Board of Trade. Mr. SCLATER-BOTH proposes that they should be allowed to suspend any further proceedings in regard to their schemes during the present Session, with power to take them up again next year without going through all the preliminary stages again. The parties would thus be relieved from some expenses, and if the control of the House over the various plans can be adequately maintained, there would appear to be no good reason why this concession should not be agreed to. It is essential, however, that in any arrangement that may be come to, it should be distinctly understood that the projects really are to be suspended, and that nothing will be done in regard to them, or any other new tramway enterprises, until the inquiry of next year is concluded. The general questions to be determined are whether tramways should be permitted under any circumstances in the interior of the metropolis; if so, by whom they should be provided and managed, and over what particular parts of the roadway they should be carried. The answer to the first of these questions should, in our opinion, spare the necessity of going into the other two. The objections to tramways in towns are, on every ground, so conclusive and overwhelming, that it is impossible to doubt what will be the decision of the Committee. They are not only a dangerous nuisance in crowded thoroughfares, but an obstacle to improvements in the roadway itself. Captain TYLER's Report shows that they are not suited to macadamized roads. Asphalt suits them better; but if we had roads of that or some kindred material, it would be enough to widen the rims of the wheels, and there would be no need of rails being laid down at all. The free use of the public highways by all classes on equal terms is a principle which must be jealously maintained.

THE CENSUS.

A PRELIMINARY Report has been issued containing the most conspicuous results of the recent Census. For what reason we know not, but probably from the amiable desire of relieving the proverbial dryness of a collection of statistical tables, the compiler has been unusually lively. It is a matter of course that he should treat us to a few of those little facetiae which generally enliven the barren waste of figures; though, perhaps, our inference from the facts is rather different from his. We must confess that it strikes us as a melancholy circumstance that the 32,606 enumerators should have come across so very few specimens of eccentricity.

One "author," towards whom we cannot but feel amiably disposed, informs the Registrar-General that his wife considers him to be at once a lunatic and an idiot. Probably this gentleman was a contributor to a comic newspaper, who imagined himself more or less dimly to be making a joke, but we cannot avoid the suspicion that for part at least of the conjugal judgment there was a certain amount of justification. With this solitary exception it would seem that we all filled up our papers in a spirit of appropriate sobriety. One or two people declined, indeed, to have anything to do with them; and one (though it seems only one) gentleman alleged the precedent of David as a sufficient justification of his refusal. But what are these amongst so vast a multitude? We have obviously been elevated or depressed to that stage of civilization in which statistics have acquired a certain sanctity, and nobody is wrong-headed enough to be amusing. In default of such sources of interest, the Report indulges in some flights of eloquence which somehow strike us as rather a funny admixture in the prosaic records of our progress. We have fragments of eloquence as to the marvellous growth of London; quotations from Livy, De Toqueville, and Cobbett; and bits of ordinary guide-book such as the remark that "the historic fame of Bath is still upheld by that elegant city and its waters"—though how it is upheld, except by the continued existence of the city and its waters, a circumstance which scarcely required to be established by the authority of a Registrar-General, we do not precisely understand. Perhaps, too, it is a slightly irrelevant remark that the battle of Towton was fought on a Palm Sunday, though we may be gratified at the proof afforded by this instance of historical erudition that even a collector of statistics has room in his bosom for human interests. He is a little closer to his subject when he pronounces a moderate eulogy upon matrimony, an institution which, as he truly says, has been generally respected by the clergy of the Church of England, including Jeremy Taylor, who moreover have enforced the precept as to increasing and multiplying both by preaching and example, "especially by example." The Registrar-General is positively in danger of becoming flippant. He adds, more seriously, that no religious sect in this kingdom objects to an increase of the population, and that "Milton and the poets have written in the same sense." Finally, we are informed in the concluding paragraph, that the Census proves that, "during her happy reign, 5,900,000 have been added to Her Majesty Queen Victoria's subjects, not by the seizure of neighbouring territories, but by the enterprise, industry, and virtue of her people." So far as "enterprise, industry, and virtue" are necessarily implied in the fact of a population increasing and multiplying, this statement is undeniable; but perhaps some other qualities are concerned in producing the result.

When we endeavour to withdraw our minds from the sentiments so happily expressed by the official authorities, and to lower ourselves to the frame of mind appropriate to statistical contemplation, we find the main fact to be that, whereas in 1861 there were 28,927,485 people in these islands, there are now 31,465,480. Our population increases at the rate of 1,173 in a day, 468 of whom emigrate, whilst 705 contribute to swell the home population. If England continues to increase at its present rate, our numbers will be doubled in fifty-six years. Hitherto the rate of increase has shown a tendency to fall off in each period of ten years since the Census was first taken. In the last decennial it has again risen, which is due in some degree to a decline in the rate of emigration. Here, we may remark in passing, one remarkable change has taken place. The Irish contingent has considerably declined, and during the last two years has been decidedly outnumbered by the English. If this should be a symptom of an approaching exodus of the English population on a much larger scale than formerly, some of our calculations may be upset. Meanwhile, however, there are two circumstances which are conspicuous in the present returns. The towns are still increasing at a much quicker rate than the country; and the disproportion of the sexes becomes more marked. The so-called urban districts have increased at the rate of 18.02 per cent.; whilst the rural districts have only increased by 7.32 per cent.; and although this last percentage is greater than it was in the preceding ten years, the difference appears to be accounted for by the overflow of towns into districts still reckoned as rural. The female population exceeds the male by 718,516, after making allowance for soldiers and sailors who are temporarily absent; whilst we are invited to console ourselves by the reflection that in Australia and the United States there are about 730,000 more men than women. If we choose to take into account our numerous cousins all over the world, we shall find that there are already somewhere about 70,000,000 people talking English as their native tongue, or learning it as rapidly as possible; that they are gathering together with amazing rapidity into great cities; and that the facility of movement is leading to greater aggregations of one sex or the other in different portions of the world. What the state of things will be in another century, it is perhaps, as Clough remarks in regard to another prospect, "better only guessing." Our guesses would perhaps be as inadequate as would have been those of our ancestors a century ago, if invited to form some picture of the world in 1871. People who hold to the maxim "the more the merrier" will of course exult in the prospect; though most of us would like to have some sounder reason for believing that the quality will be improved at the same time with the quantity.

And now, having stated some of the most obvious results, and referred our readers for further information to the Report from

which we have been quoting, we may ask what, on the whole, do we think of it? We confess that we are half inclined to retort by another question; is this kind of thing to go on indefinitely? Perhaps we are cynical or stupid; but, in spite of the eloquence of the Registrar-General, the process strikes us as a little monotonous. There was once a gentleman who committed suicide because he thought it so inexpressibly stupid to be taking off and putting on his clothes every night and morning. We confess to have often felt some sort of sympathy with him, though we have not hitherto pushed it to the same extreme. "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day, and every yesterday" has brought into our English world 1,173 additional fools. This little bit of a planet is getting unpleasantly full of featherless bipeds with a strong family resemblance. Our "enterprise, industry, and virtue" are doubtless incalculable, and Jeremy Taylor and Milton and the poets would rejoice to see our diligence in increasing and multiplying. But yet we should somehow like a little change. We have really so many fellow-creatures, all of whom we are bound to regard with Christian affection, that we almost find the task too heavy for us. War, as we fondly believed a few years ago, is going out of fashion. Even when it was raging most furiously it could scarcely keep things straight. There were very few days, even last autumn, when more people did not go to sleep at night than had awakened in the morning. The utmost energy in killing, aided by all the refinements of modern science, and carried on by any number of disciplined men, merely amounts to a flea-bite. The whole result is a mere insignificant pruning, which produces no perceptible effect. In some fertile districts of North America there was less than one person to a square mile when the inhabitants were savages, whilst in civilized England there are on an average 389 human beings in the same space; and the process may go on, for anything we can see, till we have no standing-room. Why cannot we have a little change? There is something appalling in the prospect. The Registrar-General speaks very contemptuously of France—that unfortunate country which is for the moment brought in to point every disagreeable moral—and suggests that the restraints by which population is there limited should not properly be called "moral." We are certainly not about to argue a very ugly question; and yet we cannot help asking whether a thoroughly civilized population would not prefer, if it could be done without objectionable means, to remain approximately stationary. Is the ordinary human being so glorious a creature that the fact of there being a few more thousands of him in the world on every successive Saturday should be a cause for unqualified satisfaction? We already begin to feel a kind of Black Hole of Calcutta sensation, and though we are far from having reached the limits of our prison, we are sensible that it is not capable of indefinite extension.

When we consider the composition of this vast mass of humanity, we have, in some respects, still queerer sensations. More and more of us are steadily accumulating in towns. A town population means a population ready for communism, inclined to part company with all established creeds, and generally acting the part of a social powder-magazine. Whether the increase of such persons is or is not a desirable state of things must be decided by each of our readers according to his revolutionary or conservative tendencies. But it must be admitted that one evil is likely to accompany the change. The process of natural selection does not proceed as rapidly as it might. The alterations, that is, in our circumstances very much outstrip the rate at which we become adapted to them. Doubtless, in a sufficient number of generations, we may suppose that the human race will become more unequivocally gregarious than is the case at present. It will have sets of lungs and stomachs and other organs not liable to be put out of order by the inconveniences of town life. The old instincts derived from savage times, which make fresh air and exercise necessary to us, will gradually expire. We shall become weak about the legs, as locomotion becomes more and more independent of those limbs; we shall, it is to be hoped, lose altogether the sense of smell; and our eyes will become microscopic organs, calculated to read small print but not to distinguish a human figure on a distant mountain. The weaning of humanity from its love of fresh air and exercise must probably take a long time; and we could wish, if it were not too obviously chimerical, that cities might be better adapted for men, instead of men for cities. That, however, requires as its first condition that we should have some rational and public-spirited municipal government; whereas, if we may judge from some of the biggest cities in the world, we are rather going in the opposite direction. Meanwhile, the other great fact of the Census, the growing disproportion of the sexes, raises still more uncomfortable reflections. The tendency of a large number of unmarried women is undoubtedly to develop the social annoyance known as the earnest-minded advocate of women's rights. It is no comfort to us in this respect to be told that the excess of women in England is compensated by an excess of men in America. The Registrar-General, indeed, remarks that this circumstance should be an inducement to women who would like to take a part in founding a great empire to cross the water. We could wish that some of them would look at the matter from that point of view. Unluckily, the ladies' advocates seem more disposed to claim a share in administering a ready-made empire than to undertake the more ambiguous task of becoming the grandmothers of empires yet to be created.

Such are the gloomy reflections which will naturally occur to a student of the present returns. We might, if we were inclined

to do so, add many other topics for melancholy meditation. But, on the whole, as the race is bound to increase and multiply, we may as well make up our minds to the fact, and endeavour to rejoice that there will be before long so vast a population of more or less English origin. Considering that we are writing for Englishmen, our readers will of course accept this fact as inexpressibly gratifying; though, if we were required in cold blood to give reasons for our satisfaction which would convince, say, a Frenchman or a Russian, we should feel a slight misgiving as to our powers of persuasion.

DER RUHM.

WHEN the wicked wags of professedly comic periodicals take the measure of historical events and of political problems, no man grudges them the laugh in which he is not called upon to share. But of late, since the great war has come to a close, since graphic details of carnage and desolation have become a drug in the market, since we have begun to think of poor England rather than of poor Paris, and to eke out the great events of the present with the still more awful experiences of the future, the leaders of public opinion in the soberer spheres of our press have been visited by a sudden contagion of prophetic friskiness. "Maga," indeed, prides herself upon her self-granted charter of license; she is as lively in her old age as the octogenarian lady who, according to Mr. Forsyth's story, demanded the solace of a tale by Mrs. Aphra Behn. The *Battle of Dorking* was written with freshness and a certain degree of verisimilitude; and it was at all events our own dirty linen, real or imaginary, which its author undertook to air before his gratified fellow-countrymen. The heavy artillery of the Augsburg *Allgemeine* having not disdained to avail itself of this supply of guns by an English firm, our own minor prophets of the more solemn cast have felt it to be time to fire some blank cartridge in anticipation of Armageddon. The *Second Armada*, by which the *Times* condescended to allay the fears of the nation at the risk of wounding the susceptibilities of one of the Eastern counties, has happily not been "continued in our next"; but meanwhile, of all the journals in the country, *Macmillan's Magazine*, from which we might have expected better, if not livelier, things, has taken up the ball. *Der Ruhm, or the Wreck of German Unity*, purporting to be the narrative by a Brandenburger Hauptmann of the downfall of Prussia from her high estate under the reign of Emperor Fritz, is the last, and we hope will remain the last, contribution to the political satire of our days. We are informed that political satire now goes in "the trade" under the name of "Dame Europa Literature." The change of nomenclature is satisfactory; for to the political satire of the days when there was such a department in English letters these wares bear the same relation as Mr. Byron's burlesques bear to Aristophanes. In particular, the author of this last piece of spite mistaking itself for satire may justly compare himself to Swift, if ill-nature be the test; he may even say of himself, like Persius:—

Sum petulant splene cachinno;

for the petulance and the spleen of his vision of the future are undeniable; and if he likes to chuckle over the aptness of his warning, he is sure to have the laughter all to himself. In Germany, to whose address the warning is directed, it is less likely to be regarded in this light than in that (if we may venture upon an American expression in characterizing this flower of English "high-class" journalism) of a "caution."

A prophet—and we appeal to Dr. Cumming whether our view of the technical education of prophets be not the correct one—should above all things be circumstantial. Vagueness is all very well for vaticinations concerning the weather; but the doom of the Papacy, or the downfall of German unity, though doubtless capable of being foretold, seems to call for something like speciality of information in the soothsayer who consigns these entities to destruction. The great success of the prophetic bureau at Delphi is, after all, to be chiefly accounted for by the circumstance that the Pythia, or the chiefs of her sacerdotal staff, knew what she was talking about. A brief—and we promise that it shall be very brief—summary of the Brandenburger Captain's narrative of the wreck of German unity will best show whether its author is furnished with similar qualifications. But a word as to the outward form of the narrative seems necessary by way of introduction.

The scene is described in the first two lines of the story. The hero was "grinding the dusty gravel on the side-walk of a Strasse near the Potsdam Bahnhof." A reference to the dictionary will apprise the reader, amazed at the amount of local colouring thus crowded into a single sentence, that *Strasse* means street, and *Bahnhof* (or more generally *Bahnhof*), railway-station; and he will thus at once understand that he must prepare for a narrative in that exquisitely natural diction in which Frenchmen are prone to soliloquize on the English stage, where they are made to interlard the language in which for the benefit of the audience they are constrained to speak, with occasional reminiscences of their native tongue. This may be called the comic idiomatic manner; and it rather gains than loses in verisimilitude when those who employ it, like the Brandenburger Hauptmann, display an oblivion of the grammar of their mother-tongue; speak, e.g. of "*der alter* (sic) *Barbarossa*," "*one schnell Feuer*" (sic), and in fact are never so little at home as when they are irresistibly moved to use "native"

terms of expression. And, we may observe in passing, the very title of the Captain's narrative is as genuinely German as its details. *Der Ruhm* is probably intended as a translation of *la gloire*; but intentions do not make idioms, and even Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Geist*, un-German as the term is in the sense in which it was employed by our Master of the Sentences, savours more of an idiom than this.

The old Hauptmann, then, is interviewed in the Strasse near the Bahnhof and near his own house, whence a bright boy of fourteen comes romping out with a cheery salute for "der Grossvater." The bright boy—who by the by cannot be described as very "bright" in one sense of the word, and whose ignorance of the meaning of an iron cross speaks volumes for the future decay of the teaching of "object lessons" in Prussian schools—holds up to his "Grossvater" the bauble of which he cannot discover the significance. The old man wistfully clutches it; and just then a "grand-child girl" in the garden begins to sing "an old, nearly forgotten *Lied*, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?'" The old man is overpowered by emotion; swears "quaint passionate oaths of the *Lager* and the bivouac," and then, after lighting his pipe, begins "a long and surely not uneventful history."

It appears that after the close of the Great War of 1870-71, and the triumphal entry of the troops into Berlin, there seemed a clear prospect of peace. Alexander of Russia was true to his friendship for his uncle Kaiser Wilhelm. The German Kings, including "stupid Karl of Württemberg" (the epithet is as graceful as the spelling is accurate), were assiduous in their attentions. In course of time, Luxemburg was annexed, and the papers cried out for Heligoland and Holland. But the first real difficulty arose when, in consequence of mysterious gossipings between Bismark and Gortchakoff at Ems, Russia made war upon Turkey. England, still ruled by Gladstone, who had dismissed blunt Odo Russell in consequence of his Versailles indiscretion, kept out of the fray. Not so Austria, where Beust had accepted as inevitable the loss of the nine million German subjects in Cis-Leithania, and had concentrated himself on conciliating "Hungary the Slavonic" to the Hapsburgs. Count Beust was indeed deserving of the old Hauptmann's cavil of not being a penetrating statesman, for he had obviously not even penetrated as far as the statistical fact that Hungary is not in the main Slavonic. However, his fears were excited sufficiently to make him ready for war; and war was declared, after the Reserve had been called out in Germany by Goeben (Moltke was already the German equivalent of an old dotard), and the German Emperor had quarrelled with the Austrian Ambassador, whom the Berliners, Conservatives at all events in their drollery, familiarly spoke of as "Benedettig."

Germany was victorious after a hard struggle, in which the Turks distinguished themselves unexpectedly. Had the Brandenburger Captain known a little more of military history, he would have been aware how much the Turkish defences owed to the "old dotard" at Berlin. Count Moltke is the real author of the fortifications of the Dardanelles, and to his advice, more than to that of any other man, was due the first reorganization of the military forces of the Turkish Empire. However, Constantinople was taken, and the Emperor William died there in the hour of victory and "in his boots." Cis-Leithanian Germany was incorporated in the Empire, and Bismark, being on bad terms with the new Emperor, resigned office with a pious quotation from Scripture, and was, we hope, duly held up to ridicule in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The new Emperor Fritz was a failure. Blumenthal, a little "rat-faced" man (here the worthy Captain becomes unpleasantly personal) superseded Goeben; and, though one party advocated the claims of a certain Herr Buchner, Bismark was succeeded by George von Bunsen, "a dreamer in a mystic way." Thus officered, the German Empire soon fell out with the new Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., who had awakened enthusiasm in Poland by restoring the Council of State at Warsaw and conciliating "Slavism." England was in alliance with Russia through a new matrimonial connexion with the royal house of Denmark. Thus, while "the Emperor Fritz was dallying in the Schloss Garden with his wife and children, or looking over books and pictures with Von Bunsen," a quarrel suddenly arose between Germany and England, who had recently been putting "a row of new coping-stones round the edge of an old battery on the bluff of Heligoland." The English Prime Minister, Herr "Goschen" (the old Captain might have given him his native diphthong, as he is all but accurately informed as to the origin of a statesman whom he describes as "not an aristocrat either by birth or leanings"), was prepared. Thus war was drawing near. It was all the more certain because the German South was discontented. There "King Albert of Saxony," who, "although a Catholic, was very popular both in his own Protestant kingdom and in Württemberg, Protestant also," as well as in the Catholic countries of the South, was rumoured to be "the head secretly of a not-yet-perfected South-German Confederacy." Accordingly, the German ultimatum to England, after being sent, was refused assent by a narrow majority in the Federal Council. But war was declared nevertheless; and the invasion having resulted in the destruction of the German fleet (the reasons for which were various; among others, that the *König Wilhelm's* bottom was foul; it had apparently not been cleaned since it was found to be so in the war of 1870; "the Admiral wore spurs and was one of the first sick"; and English cunning had deceived the Germans by sending a fleet of dummy men-of-war into the Baltic), the destruction of German unity followed. An English army marched up "the

valley of the Elbe" from Hamburg; France recovered Alsace and Lorraine, while her troops swarmed over the Rhine; Russia—all Poland now her friend—marched over the Vistula on Berlin, &c., &c. &c. "Ah! children, I am getting tired. The Treaty of Copenhagen muzzled and mangled Prussia. Thank God, you never hear of 'der Ruhm' now."

It is a dangerous thing to confront prophecies with probabilities. But if we could induce this particular prophet's recollection, not of the future, but of the present, to serve him, we would venture upon pointing out a few impossibilities to which he has taken his prophetic oath. Or, rather, we will put our historic doubts in the following form. If the Emperor Alexander III. conciliates the goodwill of Poland by reversing the policy of Russia from the reign of Catharine to the reign of Alexander II., and returning to the spasmodic efforts of Alexander I., long after such a return has become as senseless as it would be fruitless, then England will ally herself with Russia in order to defend the coping-stones of Heligoland. If M. Leopold Buchner, who has vilified our institutions with the same ready rhetoric which he has more recently placed at the disposal of the Berlin Foreign Office, is ever thought of for the Chancellorship by any party in Germany, then will the present Baron Bunsen, one of the most consistent, high-minded, and practical of living Prussian politicians (although his father and brother have written "mystic" books), turn over prints in the Emperor's nursery while Germany is drifting into war with a country which they of all Germans have the best reasons for understanding and loving, and which few Germans understand, and probably love, better than themselves. If King Albert of Saxony, whose very soul is in the military life of the new Prussian hegemony, ever becomes the leader of a Southern reaction against the new Empire, then will Prussian admirals entangle their spurs in the rigging of their ships, and the Lower Elbe have a valley to be "pushed up" by an English invading army.

But our readers are before this as weary as ourselves of this nonsense, which is even more of an insult to English good sense than to German pride. When any one of the above-mentioned events takes place, and when, as Præd sung,

There is any fear of Rome
Or any hope of Spain,
To-day may then be yesterday;

or the day after to-morrow may be in the middle of next week; or German officers may apostrophize honourable opponents with the German equivalent for something much worse than old dotard; or Mr. Goschen may go to the opera, with a heart lighter than M. Émile Ollivier's, after rejecting the German ultimatum. For the last two contingencies the Brandenburg Hauptmann is responsible. His satire, such as it is, hardly ever draws trigger without missing fire. There are weak points in the edifice of German unity, and rocks ahead in the sea of European politics; but satire needs a clear eye as well as a sharp tongue, and our modern Defoe barely deserves the honour of the pillory. Nor, in truth, should we have inflicted this recapitulation of his malicious inanities upon our reader's patience, already overtaxed in this direction, had we not had a really kindly end at heart. Though we are not dealing with an author chargeable with the imputation of modesty, we are fain to borrow the phraseology familiar to modest authors. If we can save a single one of our readers from the trial of wading through this extravagant effort of audacious superficiality, we shall not have written quite in vain. Surely it is high time that this kind of thing should cease. It is not likely, indeed, that either the future Emperor Fritz or his keen-visaged military adviser will be "stabbed to the quick," like the old Captain when he sets eyes upon his iron cross, by such impotent darts as these; it is still less likely that the heart of the German nation will be fluttered by the touch of so pointless an arrow. The Germans have, upon the whole, borne themselves in the hour of a triumph such as the world has never known with the modesty which is the sure fruit of self-respect; and, as towards ourselves in particular, there is not a single utterance of a single German public man of which the most susceptible English patriot has pretended to have found cause to complain. To this attitude on the part of Germany we owe an equally dignified response. Questions must arise, and have arisen, between the two nations, allied in blood, and surely in something more than blood, which cannot but provoke a certain soreness of feeling, and may possibly require a firm stand to be taken upon the claims of national interests or the rights of national laws. These questions it must always be the wish of every honest Englishman to approach with that respect for a great and friendly nation which is not inconsistent with love for his own country. Perfect freedom of comment, whether it be offered in a serious or a humorous form, is of course one of the conditions of our national life. But if public opinion is worth anything, it will contemptuously crush the endeavours of mere fribbles to interpose their hasty appeals to prejudice and passion between the mutual sentiments of respect and goodwill obtaining between two great nations. The geese of the Capitol prevented the capture of the citadel, by proclaiming the approach of its invaders; modern alarmists, like the author of *Der Ruhm*, adopt the same tactics, but are unlikely to meet with the same reward. The Romans in the days of their recovered security erected a temple to Juno *quæ avertit* in the neighbourhood of the spot consecrated by the efforts of her sacred birds. Whenever, and if ever, a German Armada lands on the English coast, it will scarcely find beneath

the foundation-stone of a memorial of national vigilance a copy of the *Battle of Dorking*; but of this we feel confident, that if an English force enters the "valley of the Elbe," it will in all human probability be as the allies of men who will have forgotten that their ancestors were once insulted by scribblers like the author of *Der Ruhm*. He has tried his best to make such mischief as he could; but the bladder with which he has armed himself has burst in its first descent upon a back which is fortunately broad enough to bear blows very different from his. It depends upon the English public whether it will have any more of this empty and ugly kind of sport.

EMANUEL HOSPITAL.

WHEN Emanuel Hospital first came into prominence as sharing with the British army, the British Constitution, and the heirdom to an Hampshire estate, in the honour of being a great question of the day, we ventured the opinion that the issues at stake were of a wider nature than merely the comparative merits of the future Emanuel Hospital played down by the Lord Mayor, or of Lord Lyttelton's trump, "United Schools of Westminster." It seemed to us to be as much a matter of policy as of administration; and the more hotly Lord Salisbury on one side, and the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, and Lord Lyttelton on the other, quabbled over the details of this weighty case, involving as they do issues so interesting and important as the question whether the father of one of the recipients of Lady Dacre's bounty keeps the keys of the library or of the hall-door of a superior educational establishment, the more convinced we were of the soundness of our preliminary judgment. We cannot, therefore, feel entirely downhearted if the course of the Endowed Schools Commission's true love for unlimited competition among little boys and girls has not run quite smooth. If the principle is sound and safe, it will beat the united opposition of the Court of Aldermen and the House of Lords. If it is neither sound nor safe, or—as may probably be the case—if it is sound in Utopia, Laputa, and the Australian Colonies without being quite safe in England, nobody will be vitally injured by the temporary check which may have been given to its development.

We unhesitatingly grant that to the philosopher it is infinitely little and contemptible whether a school possesses the individual name of Emanuel Hospital, or even of Emery Hill, or whether it is labelled as the United Schools of Westminster. One appellation smacks of individuality, the other compasses method and points to extension. The practical question is after all dynamic. Given, on the one hand, the number of dependent children of not the absolutely poorest classes who will probably be born and reared, and therefore will want to be taught, in Westminster for the next century; and, on the other hand, the amount of educational endowment disposable for their teaching; which method of dealing with that endowment will be most likely to produce, indirectly as well as directly, the largest sum total of education? We must, before we pass on to the answer to this question, call attention to the word "indirectly." It must not be forgotten that the Endowed Schools Act, unlike the Elementary Education Act of last year, did not create a complete machinery, or call out of nothingness a national fund for its own special work of middle-class education. Its task was the more limited one of utilizing existing resources. This method of dealing with the question presupposed, as we have hinted, indirect results in excess of the direct powers which the measure put into action.

It must be conceded that the direct educational power of the Commissioners' schools would, as to the number of children brought within its scope, exceed that of the schools as proposed to be reformed by the existing governing bodies. The partisans of Emanuel Hospital, indeed, interpose with the plea that education is not the sole—perhaps not the most important—object of the foundations, and they may have at least a plausible case on which to argue. But we put the eleemosynary question aside for the purpose of our present discussion, and merely look upon these old Westminster foundations as teaching stations. We have said that Lord Lyttelton would win if direct and immediate numerical results were all that had to be considered. But this is just the point at which the shoe has been found to pinch; and, as it has been remitted to the cobbler, we wish to give some hints, which we trust may help him in producing a better fit. With all its merits and capacities Lord Lyttelton's Commission is not more than human nor more than Commissionary; and the weakness of all Commissions is, that like the lovers portrayed by Lord Houghton (who, by the way, separated from his own party on this occasion and voted with Lord Salisbury), its members are apt to listen to nothing but the beating of their own hearts in the grim solitude of a Board-room somewhere about Victoria Street. What are settlements and the future prospects from contingent sources to the simple-minded pair? The fond youth and the buoyant maid have each their little purse, which they can club together in a "united" fund, and trust to the prudent uncle relenting and leaving them the legacy which he has sworn they never shall see if, as he discourteously observes, they go and make fools of themselves. This parable is literally correct in all its particulars. The monied and determined uncle represents that generous feeling of individual munificence which, without self-righteousness, we may say has always been a

characteristic of the English people, and which has manifested itself with unprecedented fervour and in particular relation to middle-class or upper-poor education during the past quarter of a century. One feature is common to all the schools which have grown up under this impulse; they are none of them emanations of a naked and abstract desire for simple schooling. Every one of them has its marked idiosyncrasy, or idiosyncrasies, as it may be; they are individualized, they are denominational, they are sectional, they are local, they are eleemosynary; but in this union of individuals, denominations, sections, localities, and almsgiving, it comes to pass that an ever increasing number of English children get their education at the cost of personal givers, and with no help at all from the commonwealth. The High Church party led off with the noble series of Woodard Schools; Low Churchmen answered the challenge at Trent and at Eastbourne. Religion of the most unsectarian, not to say creedless character, found its embodiment in Mr. Mason's magnificent Orphanage not far from Birmingham. The States-rights sentiment which exists even within our compact island has asserted itself in a plentiful crop of county schools. Every profession—merchant seamen, commercial clerks, licensed victuallers, news agents—has its stately and well-provided school, in which good education is offered in combination with material advantages to the children of the craft. A similar high tide of educational munificence prevailed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as the recoil no doubt from the ebb flow of the Reformation confiscations, and was itself separated by the low tides of the eighteenth century from the present flood of munificence.

Now the schools which the Endowed Schools Commissioners are taking in hand are the results of this movement of the last but one and preceding centuries, and the fate of these institutions will no doubt be taken to heart as an encouragement or a warning by all who feel anxious to ally their own names with posterity by acts of munificence similar to those which have preserved the memories of Lady Dacre, James Palmer, and Emery Hill from absolute oblivion. It may be profoundly immaterial to education in itself whether the schools which are to exist out of the funds provided by those long-deceased worthies continue to bear the names of the donors, and so preserve the separate identity which those donors sought to bestow upon their distinctive foundations. But the question may present itself in quite a different light to those many potential Dacres, Palmers, and Hills who are—if the next twenty-five years are to be at all like those which have passed away—at this moment anxious to give their personal aid to the education of the future. We are certain that neither Denstone nor Trent would have ever risen above the ground if the founders of those great middle-class schools had entertained any fear of a future Commission combining the two institutions in some grand and "united" Midland Counties school; and we venture to believe that Mr. Mason would have thought twice ere he raised the noble pile with which he has linked his name and fame if any fairy had whispered in his ear that the time might come when there would be a cry to unite it under the same administration as the neighbouring Roman Catholic School of Oscott. These considerations help us to give the right value to the regrets which the Lord Chancellor very eloquently expressed in the House of Lords at the postponement, owing to the rejection of the Emanuel Hospital scheme, of the plan for two great middle-class day schools in Westminster, which was a prominent element in the project. No doubt, if it were now or never, if Westminster's first and last chance of obtaining such day schools as it demands were centred in the appropriation to that object of a portion of Lady Dacre's, Mr. Palmer's, and Mr. Hill's munificence, we should entirely sympathize with Lord Hatherley's complaint. But if we admit that the question is really not how we should create those schools out of the spoils of a few given ancient foundations, but how we should create them at all, and preferentially how we should create them with money not yet allocated to educational charity, so as to increase the sum total, and to leave the pre-existing endowments free for other developments of the same main object, then we must acknowledge that the Chancellor has not exhausted the controversy. It might be a great advantage to Westminster to possess these schools upon the terms proposed by the Commissioners, but it would be an advantage dearly purchased if its result in the coming time were to be that it had checked the foundation in Westminster of more numerous and more extensive schools by the liberality of living benefactors, or even by the enterprise of legitimate speculation—if, as was argued, a day school founded on the terms of the Commissioners' scheme ought to be self-supporting. It is but consistent with the economic principles which have guided the Commission, to be chary in spending, on objects which are likely to grow up of themselves at the prompting of enlightened self-interest, that money which can usefully be spent elsewhere.

We must before we close touch upon one feature of the controversy which we would rather have passed over, but to which we must refer as possibly explaining the zeal with which the question has been fought. Lord Ripon was very eloquent in denouncing the assertion that Mr. Forster had stated that only the bad schools need fear, and that the good foundations would be favourably treated; and in evidence of the falsity of the allegation, he referred to a division within the Select Committee, at which only two members were found to vote for a provision limiting the alteration of governing bodies to cases of proved abuse. But he overlooked the important fact that Mr. Forster's statement had been previously made on the second reading, at which he announced his intention of referring

the Bill to a Select Committee. The words which he used were:—

Since I introduced this Bill I have found objections made to it not by the bad schools—they never come near me—but by some of these good schools. Now I wish to assure them and the House that it is not for the good schools that the Bill is framed. We cannot, of course, exempt such schools by name, for in that case there would be no end to endeavours to obtain it, but schools which are well managed need fear nothing from the operation of a Bill which is to introduce good management. (March 15, 1869.)

If we weigh this quotation from "Hansard" which was still ringing in the ears of the members of the Select Committee, the very division within that body on which the Lord President rests his case is capable of a different interpretation. It appears certain that the statement which Mr. Forster made in the House of Commons was in unequivocal terms repeated by him in the Committee itself, and that its practical result was that those members of the Committee who represented traditional and ecclesiastical feelings gave to him and to his Bill a very different measure of support from that which they would otherwise have accorded. Indeed, they began by consenting to that Committee on the faith of his statement made in the House. They may have been right or wrong in their feelings, but as a fact we are sure that we are not far out in stating that if that section could have foreseen the latitude in which the Commission is indulging in its treatment of existing foundations, the division lists of the Select Committee would have exhibited combinations of names very different from those which at present they display. It would also, we think, be within the limits of safe augury to assert, viewing the division upon the Emanuel Hospital scheme, that had any such suspicion grown up in 1869, the course of the Endowed Schools Bill through the House of Lords would not have been so rapid and so prosperous as it proved to be. With regard to Emanuel Hospital itself, its friends may naturally argue that, whether it is or is not theoretically the best type of school, it has shown itself to be a "good" and a "well-managed" school of its kind, and has therefore an equitable right to claim the benefit of Mr. Forster's consolatory promise. On the whole, after a candid examination of a question confessedly tangled and capable of much plausible argument and telling rhetoric on both sides, we are disposed to wait with considerable equanimity for the production of the reformed scheme for the government of the Westminster schools.

OUR FOOD PROSPECTS.

THE season has once more come round when each day's sunshine or rain has a great influence for good or evil on the growing crops of corn. Dwellers in towns are apt to imagine that sunshine in summer time brings a good crop, and to ignore entirely all the effects wrought by the winter or spring alternations of frosts and thaws and rains. Thus in the present week the unseasonable rains which were general on the first two or three days drew general attention to the state of the crops, and gave rise to grave and not unfounded apprehensions as to the mischief done by them to the growing corn and to the fodder crops as yet ungathered. There can be no doubt that the harm done is serious, and probably not to be repaired by any subsequent fine weather which may be yet in store for us. Travellers on the railways will have observed that, in place of fields of waving corn, there are flattened and tangled masses of stalks—stalks which it is feared will never stand erect again to hold their fruitful heads exposed to all the good influences of air and sun. They see the soddened grass crops lying scattered in the fields, assuming each day a dirtier and browner look, and evidently becoming more fit for the muck-heap than for storage in the rick as rich food for winter use; and naturally they deplore the wreck and waste of that which promised abundance. The more acute observer, however, remembers that there is compensation for all this. He calls to mind the dry, burnt-up pastures of the last two years; he remembers the outcry of the farmers whose root crops perished for lack of moisture, and the bewailings at the immense cost of winter food for starving herds; he contrasts all that with the present rampant vegetable growth; and if the hay crops should have been damaged, as no doubt they have been, for want of a "saving time," he sees an abundant "lattermath" springing up, promising to be of nearly equal value with the first crop; he sees the root crops springing up with a regular vigorous plant, rapidly growing out of reach of the attacks of the insect pests that infest them, especially in the early and tender stages of their growth; and then he is puzzled to decide whether, after all, the individual farmer and the country in general is injured or benefited by the cool and moist weather which has been our lot this summer.

As to the corn crops, it may be said that the rain has done much good and much harm. To go back to the state of things two months ago; then, there is no question, the wheat crop looked very badly; it had suffered from the long winter; not so much from extreme cold or its long continuance, as from the state of vegetation brought about by rapid changes. Thus, after a long frost which penetrated the ground to a considerable depth, came a thaw. The thaw acting from the surface brought everything at or near the surface to a moist and watery condition; but the thaw did not extend to a depth sufficient to loosen the soil at some little distance below the surface from the bonds of the frost. So that the moisture of the surface imprisoned by the stratum of frozen ground could not drain away; then came another frost which, acting on the wet and soddened surface soil, did the same sort of

mischievous to the roots which it is well known a frost acting on wet or moist leaves does to them. A "dry frost" does proverbially little harm; it is a frost after rain which does mischief. At another time the alternation of frost and thaw "heaved" or threw up the ground and exposed the roots to subsequent frost. In either case the effect was the same, for the roots destroyed and maimed by the frost could no longer feed the plant, and consequently it perished. France and Belgium suffered very much more from this misfortune than did England; and the demands of France for seed wheat in the spring of this year arose more from the failure or destruction of autumn or winter sown crops than from the failure to sow or from destruction of the crops in consequence of the occupation of the land by the hostile armies. If reports be true, not the least of the disasters which will make the year 1870-71 memorable in France is not merely the loss of the original crops, but that the seed obtained in the spring to resow the defective places (and obtained for the chief part, at enormous cost, from this country) has for some reason failed to bear a crop. There has been germination, and a growth of green flag, but there it has ended, and no ears appear. As a consequence of the winter destruction in this country, no doubt a considerable extent of land was ploughed up and resown; and what remained, except on the best and on the well-farmed soils, was kept in a stagnant condition by a cold and unusually dry spring. The rains, however, which have fallen lately have been just what was wanted, and, although there was a "thin plant" generally, the growth was so rapid and appearances were so much improved, that the prophets began to promise us with confidence "an average crop." But a fortnight ago it was said that we had had rain enough, and the heavy rains of this week have dashed these expectations; and it is certain that the fields which have been "laid" can yield but poorly, for although in the Southernmost counties wheats were in blossom, yet in all the rest of the country the wheat was only just coming into ear. It is well known that a good produce depends very much on a warm still period for blooming, the plant of course being erect, and the stalks in a healthy and unimpaired form, that they may freely carry to the swelling grain the moisture supplied by the roots. It is clear that a departure from these conditions jeopardizes the crop, and nothing worse could occur than that the bruised and broken stalks, unable to support the heads, unable to carry to them the requisite sap, should lie in twisted masses on the ground, where every summer storm soaks and beats them into a more and more compact mass, impermeable by sun and air, where the blossoming is imperfect and where the strong weeds overgrow and choke the corn. Such is unhappily the condition to which a large proportion of our grain-fields was brought by this week's rain. If they are to recover themselves, strong and constant sunshine is absolutely needed. Placed as the plant is in a bad position, even a moderately good blossom can be expected only in a warm and very still atmosphere. And there is no time to lose, for even now the harvest must be a late one, and a late harvest is fraught with many more risks than an early one. The days are shorter, the heat is less, and rain more frequent. In the Southern counties it is now, even with the finest weather, scarcely possible that any wheat will be fit to cut before the first week of August; it is scarcely probable that any cutting will be general in those districts before the second week; while in the Midland and Eastern counties, where the greater part of the wheat crop of this country is grown, harvest cannot commence before the second week of August; and in the Northern districts it will be proportionately later. All these periods are much later than usual, so that if the risk to the crop be merely in proportion to the time during which it is exposed to danger, it is apparent that it is in greater jeopardy than in ordinary years.

On the whole, then, we can scarcely expect that the wheat crop will turn out an average; with very fine weather from this time to the ingathering it may, but with anything short of really hot summer weather, the quantity cannot possibly reach an average, and the quality is likely to be poor. In former days such a prospect would have been enough to cause a sharp rise in prices as a consequence of the expectations of a poor yield. Now, however, our relations with all the producing districts of the world are so thoroughly established, and the channels of communication are so open, that there must be a failure through a far larger district than that contained in this kingdom to have any considerable influence on prices. The very antipodes now ship off their first fruits to England; and scarcely had we read the newspaper accounts congratulating those distant colonies on their good wheat crop, before we hear of the arrival in the Thames of no inconsiderable quantities of Australian wheat, reaped probably since Christmas. The crops in California and the west coast of South America are watched as keenly as nearer regions, while, at the prices lately current, even India has found it to her advantage to send us wheat amongst her other valuable consignments. Although the prophecy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he gratuitously abandoned the million sterling of revenue from the registration duty on corn, has not been realized—namely, that England would by its remission become the *entrepôt* for Europe—yet we may be sure that any deficit in the produce of this country will be easily and cheaply supplied when there is a surplus to be had from other regions. And, as the normal state of affairs is that in such enormous territories as Russia and America, to say nothing of Central and Southern Europe, there is always a vast production in excess of home wants, when those countries have good prospects England need not fear dear bread. And, fortunately, this year Eastern America reports her harvest prospects as ex-

cellent, and she is rapidly shipping off all that remains of the last crop. California, although the harvest has not been so productive as usual, will have her usual surplus to spare, because much new land has been brought under cultivation. Of Russia it is too soon yet to speak. France will have to import considerably this year, so that we shall not be without competition; yet probably there will be enough for both countries, without being driven to pay high prices. Our farmers are said to have disposed of all last year's crop, so that the country will be dependent for some time to come on the granaried stocks and the arrivals from abroad. These together will be sufficient for all needs up to harvest time, so that, in the absence of speculation induced by bad harvest prospects at home or abroad, higher prices for the present need not be feared. But the continuance of ungenial weather, or adverse reports from producing countries, would at once cause an immediate rise—a rise which, in view of the critical position of our own crop, would be justified. If all things go on as well as is possible, we may expect to get our bread in the ensuing year at somewhat, though not at very much, less than the existing price; but unless we have the most constant and steady fine weather, we shall be at the mercy of the foreign producer, who will assuredly make us pay dearly in our need. The position is critical.

A quarter of a century ago the agitation of the day was for the "cheap loaf"; now, however, we want a new agitation for cheap meat. The range of prices for some years past has been uniformly high, and has been accounted for either by the cattle plague or the drought. The former cause has happily passed away, and we ought to hear nothing this year of the latter. All green and root crops should give most ample produce, while the spring-sown corn promises abundance. The question of the season is, whether there exists a sufficient number of animals to convert this vegetable wealth into good beef and mutton—a question that will be solved on the publication in a month or two of the summary of the Agricultural Returns now being collected. If there be an average number of animals, we may hope to see some impression made on the price of meat. The circumstances of the people are, however, greatly changed, and from the general advance of wages they are able to pay for meat as an article of every-day consumption instead of as a luxury; so that the demand for it has enormously increased in the last twenty years, while the supply, in consequence of the want of the means of conveyance of live stock or fresh meat for long distances over sea, has to be drawn from a comparatively circumscribed area. We should be wrong, therefore, to look for any considerable difference of price as the result of a good crop of fodder; a return to anything like the old prices can only be expected when the flocks and herds of South America or Australia are made available for consumption in this country in a palatable and popular form.

The last year has seen the complete restoration to our tables of the vegetable which until then had never, since 1847, been quite to be depended on. The crop of potatoes in 1870 seems to have been perfect, quite free from disease, and to have kept sound even down to this time. So abundant have they been, that good sound potatoes have been selling at a price as low as 2s. per cwt. within the last few weeks. It cannot be doubted that this cheap vegetable has materially reduced the consumption of bread from the rate of late years, and if happily the disease has died out, and good crops can be relied on in the present and future years, we shall be able to supplement to some extent the normal deficiency of our wheat crops by the use of this root instead of by the importation of foreign wheat. So far, the prospect is that the potato crop this year will be large; but it must be remembered that in former seasons the disease did not develop itself until somewhat later than the present date.

HUMAN MONSTROSITIES.

IF good taste and good sense could have their way, it would probably be laid down by either law or custom in a country like our own that, whatever mischances a human being might meet with on its way into the world, these should on no account be made the instruments of gaining money out of the vulgar public curiosity. We are not betrayed into hoping or believing that law or custom among ourselves will sanction any restriction of the sort. To hope this would be to hope a great many other things about public sanity which it would be just now rather premature to do. Nor is there any lack of considerations on the other side which do duty for arguments, and which at any rate satisfy that numerous section of our fellow-countrymen whose daily pabulum is the Tichborne case, and whose chief intellectual exercise is supplied by speculations on the Eltham murder or the Westbourne Grove "tragedy." There is the unfailing argument of "Where are you to stop?" It is quite clear, for instance, that if the unfortunate "combination" now on view at Willis's Rooms is to be inadmissible, so also in common fairness ought the giant to be, and so ought to have been Tom Thumb. With some people, merely to state this mode of reasoning is to anticipate complete conviction in the hearer; it is not, however, a very overwhelming argument, for those who hold exhibitions like the "two-headed Nightingale" to be absolutely vicious think also that life would be possible even without the occasional stimulus of either giant or dwarf. We are then met by the important considerations of charity and free-trade. What

are people to do who by abnormal size or structure are debarred from earning their bread in an ordinary way? When, for example, Miss Anna Swan, "the 'greatest' subject of earth's greatest monarch," found that she could not very well get on with the part of Lady Macbeth at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York; or when Captain Bates saw that a military life was ill-suited to one who presented, as he did, an unfairly prominent mark to the enemy's sharpshooters; what would have become of them had there been no Barnum's Museum or Willis's Rooms to fall back upon? Here is, in fact, the root of the whole matter. People who are willing to spend half-a-crown for the sake of gazing at a very big man and talking about him afterwards are not likely to forego their amusement for any transcendental notions about good taste. And, so long as these people abound in large numbers, it would seem a little hard on a giant, even though his intelligence might ensure him a competency in some more private mode of life, to prevent him from earning much more money, and earning it much more easily, by simply walking up and down a room and letting people stare hard at him. And then in the wake of giants and dwarfs there come Siamese Twins and biform "combinations," the exhibition of whom is represented by their showman as a really necessary contribution to the sacred interests of science.

If anybody is anxious to know the lengths of absurdity to which this sort of bunkum can be drawn out, the exhibitor of Christine Millie, the single dualism that now confronts us in the advertisements at every street corner, would soon set him at rest. Only the almost pathetic eloquence of the showman ought to be supplemented by a glance at the biographies of all the people now "on view." If internal evidence was ever worth anything at all, these biographies come from the same hand, or are at any rate the work of a most congenial spirit. You go into Willis's Rooms, walking upstairs with a kind of forced bravado, or slinking in among the audience with a not very agreeable self-consciousness. One would like to look as if one had a soul above the exhibition, although circumstances happen to have converted one into a spectator. The two-headed person is singing; one side of her is warbling "Over the Waves we Float," or "Under the Daisies," and then both sides combine in a duet. As an imposing background to the platform, the giant and giantess are sitting in a large tranquillity, and now and then exchanging such remarks as are suited to those regions. You begin to feel the painfulness, the mistake, the Barnumian vulgarity of the whole thing, when the singing ceases; the showman kindly condescends to make a few observations, and you soon see how nearly obedience to the dictates of good taste and right feeling had made you a traitor to the noble and far-reaching demands of science. He rises; he looks upon the hundred or so of people before him, and seems to be thinking in pity rather than anger of the myriads in London who will go down to their graves without having paid that tribute to scientific enthusiasm which even those present do not seem to be paying with a solemnity quite adequate to the occasion. He holds up a photograph of the two-headed person, and after casually explaining that it may be had in the rooms, he reminds his hearers that it should be procured and handed down as an immemorial heirloom, a reminder to the latest posterity of the unparalleled wonder which the first possessor had the rare opportunity of witnessing. By and by he seats the poor girl, or girls, upon a chair, back to back, in such a way that by bending slightly forward they can reveal to a scientific crowd of observers the upper surface of the ligament, which, a little below the shoulders, begins to unite the bodies. His remarks then rise into a still higher strain, though there is a very decided bathos at the end. Among all the generations that have rolled away—and his eye seems in rapid glance to be passing in review the four monarchies and the eighteen Christian centuries—among all the teeming millions that swarm on the earth's surface at this hour, there has not been a wonder or a mystery to equal the present. "Wonders are many," he would fain have said with the Greek poet (it seemed almost a duty to supply him with the passage), "but nothing is more wonderful than" the two-headed combination. The bathos came when, dropping from the historic tone to one of mere official demonstration, he announced that this "paragon of animals" would now sing a song entitled "Put Me in my little Bed," and would then execute a polka, a mazurka, and a schottische. This, however, is strictly official. His true vein is the solemnly didactic; his habitual attitude of mind is the contemplation of the wonderful. Thus it was that he came to write or to inspire that famous biographical passage from which we learn that "Miss Anna H. Swan is, by very long odds, the most magnificent female specimen of the human race who has ever lived on the terrestrial globe, from the time that our unfortunate mother Eve was driven out of that beautiful garden, down to the present year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one." Miss Swan was residing on the fourth story of Mr. Barnum's New York Museum when, in 1863, that building was a second time destroyed by fire; and we are informed that "the fire was so short, sharp, and decisive, on that cold, bright frosty night, that her escape with life was little short of a special interposition of Providence." We have no doubt that so it appeared to Mr. Barnum. It must have been after a course of instruction superintended by this gifted person that the two-headed one employed her "two minds" in composing some verses descriptive of herself, of which the following are specimens:—

None like me since the days of Eve,
None such perhaps will ever live;

A marvel to myself am I,
As well to all the passers-by.
I'm happy quite, because I'm good,
I love my Saviour and my God;
I love all things that God has done,
Whether created two or one.

The constructions are a little weak, a result which is not unfrequently due to the exigencies of rhyme; but the tone is the tone of the biographer, who seldom indeed drops below himself. *Après* of harmonious feeling between the two sections of the bicipital frame, we are told that if one mind entertained the fancy to be in London, and the other in Paris, an unpleasant conflict might ensue; "but providentially this seems impossible, and has never occurred." It would seem doubtful whether the biographer's attention has been more permanently directed towards science or theology; each in turn claims the tribute of his profound observation and the graces of his facile pen. These are the superficial adornments of an exhibition which has in reality no more to do with science than the enormous gooseberry of the country newspapers, and compared with which the learned pig is a decided step in advance. One thing, and one only, of something like general interest may be gathered from the spectacle at Willis's; it is, that the mine of idiotic gaping and vacuous wonderment only wants judicious working in order to render it inexhaustible. The fatuity of the whole business is all that we really care to insist on, and we pass over certain other features of the show, which are so clearly objectionable as not to require much special pointing out. The professional report of certain eminent doctors on the two-headed person's configuration explains most obviously the curious questions at once suggested by the monstrosity to an instructed mind. To such a mind these are curious merely, and by possibility their solution may serve some purpose or other of illustration. But it is not pleasant to think of similar questions treated with the prurient inquisitiveness of the lay observer, or hailed with guffaws by the undisguisedly coarse spectator. Of all this we say nothing in detail; but we fancy that the soul of Barnum would exult in witnessing the glorious humbug of the whole thing, the grave and seemingly invocations of scientific ardour, the complete stupidity of gazing and guessing.

The "dual mystery" is, however, not quite in the lowest range of thoroughly vulgar fascination. There is a hall in Oxford Street, doubtless devoted to a sincere promotion of scientific research, and dignified by the original name of "The Universum." In this unlimited depository of wonders Miss C. Heenan may be seen. If Miss Anna H. Swan is the tallest of Eve's daughters, the monstrosity now located at "The Universum" is a good deal the heaviest. Known as "The Great American Prize Lady," she sits with her four "prize cups" before her, "handsome in appearance" (a striking comment on the portrait outside "The Universum"), "not twenty-two years of age, the heaviest female living, and weighing forty stone." She "had the distinguished honour of appearing before the late lamented Abraham Lincoln" (the truly great never forget what is due to each other in phrases of respectful recognition); and, among her many other virtues, she is clearly animated by a broad human sympathy, for she devotes herself during the hours of six and eleven every evening (at half-price) to the gaze of the "working classes only." None so poor but they may yet have a chance—though she is soon to leave us—of scientifically improving themselves by seeing what a woman looks like when she weighs forty stone, and measures seven feet round the body. For a trifling sum, no doubt, an "immemorial heirloom" might be obtained in this case also.

These are some of the popular diversions in the greatest metropolis of the world. While they remain still in vogue, and continue to supply us with an occasion for reflection, suppose we just bestow one moment's thought on two of our small unconscious hypocrisies. We believe ourselves to set a sacred value upon human life, so that we constantly shrink with shuddering from justly extinguishing a life ten times over forfeited; and we fancy that we have a virtuous horror of slavery. If we really felt and understood the value of human life, could we be content to go and gaze in shoals upon such a living death as that of a monstrosity in a show? And does it not occur to spectators that the monstrosity's exposure, however completely voluntary, is a direct violation of that dignity of the human person in the absence of which slavery becomes an institution capable of very valid defence indeed?

THE FRENCH BISHOPS AND THE POPE.

HE would be a bold man who should predict with confidence the immediate future either of France or of the temporal position of the Papacy. But we are at least left in no uncertainty as to the kind of future which is desired, and apparently hoped for, by the French Ultramontanes, and which their favourite candidate for the throne, the Count of Chambord, is understood to have pledged himself to aim at if fortune favours his claims. This has indeed long been tolerably notorious; but a document which has lately found its way into some of the foreign newspapers expounds the clerical estimate of the situation and the responsibilities it entails on the French Government and people, with a fulness and frankness which is at once engaging and instructive. It was frequently pointed out last year during the debates on infallibility, both within and without the Council, that the supporters of the new dogma had also of necessity be-

come the authors of a new version of Church history; and it is not wonderful that they should seize further opportunities for displaying their mastery of the science of reconstruction in which they are such adepts. The petition to the French National Assembly signed by Cardinal Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, and his four suffragans, contains, among other things, a remarkable illustration of that capacity for writing history backwards which is the natural result of Archbishop Manning's principle, that to appeal to history, as ordinarily understood, is a heresy and a treason. The petitioners begin by showing that France has ever, in the midst of her most terrible trials, remained true to those noble causes which she has taken under her protection, and has vindicated by this inflexible loyalty and devotion her providential mission in the world. She has thus, since the time of Clovis, "when she attained the first rank among Christian nations," always proved herself the defender both of the Church and of all weak and oppressed States. No misfortunes, it is added, have been able to touch her soul, "which will ever be the greater and stronger in proportion as it devotes itself to the eternal interests of conscience, justice, and civilization." And then the memorialists proceed to business at once.

We are told, of course, that these sacred interests, as well as the sanctity of treaties and the rights of peoples, have been trodden underfoot by the usurping Italian Government, and that the sovereign high-priest has been thrust into an imprisonment which is not the less painful and dangerous because it is hardly perceptible to the uninitiated. His sovereignty, the memorialists are careful to add, does not rest, like that of other princes, on the guarantees of treaties or international laws, but on the most exalted and widely-extended of all earthly claims, that of two hundred million Catholics. It is remarkable, by the way, how the "two hundred million Catholics," who exist nowhere except on paper, always figure, like Falstaff's men in buckram, in these passionate appeals for the temporal sovereignty; and all the more so as a very large proportion of the one hundred and seventy millions who represent the largest estimate at all accordant with actual facts would have, on infallibilist principles, to be excluded from the category altogether. Cardinal Bonnechose and his co-signatories then quote, in evidence of their assertion that the Temporal Power is not a matter of national and local, but of universal interest, the words of the bishops assembled at Rome in 1862, which many of them would probably prefer not to be reminded of—namely, that that sovereignty "is a necessity clearly established by the disposition of Divine Providence, and under present circumstances absolutely necessary for the good of the Church and the free government of souls." This plea of necessity the memorialists consider only too abundantly justified since the invasion of Rome. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Pope, imprisoned in the Vatican, and watched by the officials of a hostile Power, can enjoy any freedom of intercourse with his bishops or with the faithful. Father Hyacinthe, however, wrote the other day from Rome that it was absurd to call him a prisoner at all, or to imagine that he had not the most entire freedom of action. The "numberless assaults made during the last few months on the independence of the Holy See" are more easily denounced than specified, and the assertion that "the Catholics of the whole universe have already raised their solemn protest against them," is startling rather than impressive. It is intended, however, to introduce the main point of the address, that France is bound to give effective support to this universal protest, and to demand of her Government a policy in accordance with it. Whatever touches the freedom of the Sovereign Pontiff touches the faithful in the sacred rights of conscience and worship. And these supreme interests of society and of justice have always been under the special protectorate of France—a protectorate which the Popes themselves have "in a certain manner consecrated" by always turning first to France for help in their severest trials; and hence she has won and deserved the glorious title of eldest daughter of the Church. In short, the history of the last fourteen centuries is one continuous testimony to her unflinching maintenance of that high prerogative. For the sting of the episcopal address is in the tail, or, as we ought perhaps to spell it, the tale, wherewith it concludes, and a very wondrous tale it is. A French bishop, addressing Louis Napoleon some years ago out of the fulness of his heart, said that "God, with the assistance of France, was writing a magnificent page in the history of the world." If we may believe the Archbishop of Rouen and his suffragans, the same assistance appears to have been principally required for writing a good many previous pages of the world's history. Indeed, if we were to say that the history of the world revolves round the primacy of France among the nations, and the history of France round the supreme sovereignty of the Apostolic See, we should not at all overstate the purport of this little summary of the past and present of Christendom.

The bishops are determined to begin at the beginning, and they accordingly cite a statement of Pope Anastasius II. (496), that God had made the French nation a brazen pillar of the Church. And then, a century later, we have Gregory I., in his letters to Queen Brunehaut—no very saintly personage, unless she is cruelly belied—observing that "France is exalted above other lands as a monarch over his subjects." Meanwhile, Pelagius II., who was the first, by the way, to interpolate the writings of St. Cyprian in the interests of his see, had expressed his confidence that the successors of Clovis would always be its protectors; and when, in the middle of the eighth century, the dynasty of Clovis came to an end, just at the time when the "Donation of Constantine" was being

fabricated at Rome, we are reminded that Stephen II. told Pepin that the future of the Papacy and the Roman people depended mainly on France. The petitioners forget to add that Stephen made this statement in what professed to be an autograph letter of St. Peter's, and was received as such by the unlettered King. From the eighth century we are carried by the memorialists to the middle of the twelfth, and learn without much surprise that Alexander III., who succeeded in humbling Germany in the person of Frederick Barbarossa, recorded his opinion that "France is a chosen nation, whose exaltation is inseparable from that of the Holy See." Similar testimonies are referred to in general terms, from Adrian I., Innocent III., Gregory IX., and—of all unlikely personages—Boniface VIII., who was engaged throughout his reign in a deadly struggle with Philip the Fair, ending in the Bull *Unam Sanctam* and the excommunication of the King, who retaliated by procuring, after a brief interval, the election of Clement V. and the removal of the Papal See to Avignon. However, we are informed that nearly every Pope of recent centuries might be quoted in evidence of the providential mission of France, and that it is precisely in so far as she has been oblivious of her glorious destiny as the foremost champion of the Papal sovereignty that her own supremacy among nations has suffered. Napoleon I. was deposed, and France handed over to the foreign invader, for his rebellion against the successor of Peter. But the Republic of 1849 and the Second Empire took up the noble inheritance of the old French monarchy and restored the Pope to his rightful throne. It was only when the Emperor yielded to evil influences and entered into compacts with the enemies of the Church that the freedom and glory of France departed from her, and her Catholic children are persuaded that it cannot return as long as "the freedom of the supreme defender of justice on earth is violated," and therefore raise their voice to protest against the continuance of so fatal a policy. "We, Bishops of France," say the memorialists, "as interpreters of the wishes of the faithful under our guidance, come thus before the National Assembly to deliver our testimony, and, as guardians of Catholic interests, to entreat the Government to enter into negotiations with foreign Powers for securing to the Sovereign Pontiff the freedom necessary for the government of the Church."

If we were to take the concluding words simply as they stand, they might appear rather a lame and impotent conclusion to the glowing rhetoric and lofty assertions of the earlier portion of the address. Nobody, except perhaps Mr. Whalley, who does not count, wishes to deprive the Pope of the freedom of action necessary for the discharge of his spiritual functions, and if a formal agreement between the great Powers interested in the matter should be deemed requisite or desirable for the purpose, there seems to be no good reason why such an arrangement should not be effected. It would certainly afford a better security for Papal independence than the precarious sovereignty, whether resting on French or Italian bayonets, which must be, even in the eyes of Ultramontanes who have not altogether lost sight of all but purely supramundane considerations, the only conceivable substitute at the present day. Nevertheless, it is clearly the latter and not the former kind of "protection" which Cardinal Bonnechose and his four suffragans, who seem somehow or other to feel justified in coming forward as spokesmen for the ninety bishops of France, are demanding from their Government. That a certain reserve force of national vanity as well as religious sentiment is enlisted on their side we can quite believe. Another Roman expedition would no doubt be popular with a considerable section of French society just now, and its popularity would be indefinitely enhanced by success. But the doubtfulness of even a temporary triumph, and the certainty of provoking an immediate and deadly quarrel between the two principal parties which at present divide the political sympathies of Frenchmen, might well incline even the most orthodox and conservative of Governments to hold its hand. As to the chances of an armed intervention under the auspices of Henry V., which is very likely what the memorialists are really thinking of, it will be quite time enough to consider them when he is on the throne. Meanwhile, we observe that the names of the immense majority of the French episcopate, including its most distinguished representative since the removal of Darboy, who is also his reputed successor in the see of Paris, are conspicuous by their absence. It was Cardinal Bonnechose, we believe, who once explained in the French Senate his estimate of the relative position of bishop and clergy, by saying, "We give them the word of command to march, and they march." He does not appear to have been equally successful in imposing the word of command on his episcopal colleagues.

THE SUPERVISION OF CRIMINALS.

THE parentage of the Bill for the "more effectual prevention of crime," which has just been introduced in the House of Lords, is, on the face of it, somewhat obscure. Lord Morley, who is supposed to represent the Home Office, has charge of the measure, but it was presented in the first instance by the Lord Chancellor, and bears his name. Mr. Bruce has been so uniformly unfortunate in his attempts at legislation that it would certainly not be surprising if Lord Hatherley should have found it necessary to come to the rescue and take this question out of his faltering hands. In point of fact, however, the real author of the Bill is neither the Home Secretary nor the Lord Chancellor, but

Lord Carnarvon, who has from the first pointed out the deficiencies of the Habitual Criminals Act, has repeatedly urged the Government to amend it, and has furnished them, in the course of his speeches, with the outlines of the present measure. The Act of 1869 unfortunately did not come back to the House of Lords till the end of the Session, when there was no time to consider it properly in its amended form. It was no sooner passed than it was discovered to be in a great degree inoperative, on account of the looseness and ambiguity with which it had been drawn, and the insufficiency of some of its leading provisions. The essential principle of the Act was, of course, the supervision of ticket-of-leave men and the class designated as "habitual criminals"—that is to say, persons twice convicted of felony—but the arrangements for this purpose were utterly inadequate and ineffective. In the first place, the useful provision of the Act of 1864 requiring every ticket-of-leave man to report himself once a month to the police, so that they might be kept informed as to his movements without subjecting him to constant watching, was repealed. Notice of a change of residence was alone required; but, in point of fact, this condition has never been strictly enforced, and the great body of convicts of this class who are at large have consequently had no difficulty in eluding observation. Again, in the case of habitual criminals, although the governor of the gaol from which they were about to be discharged was directed to ascertain where they were going when they regained their freedom, there was no obligation on their part to satisfy his inquiries, and as a rule they kept the secret to themselves. "Not known" is the recurring entry under this head in the last Parliamentary returns. The clue thus lost at the outset was seldom recovered by the police until the released prisoners were again arrested on some fresh charge. The result has been that the supervision which was to be the great feature of the new system, and from which so much was expected, has been for the most part nominal and fictitious. Lord Morley, who was obliged three months ago to acknowledge that the Act had been a failure, is now furnished with statistics to prove its beneficial operation. It is highly satisfactory to learn on official authority that in 1870, as compared with 1869, there had been a material reduction in the number of houses harbouring thieves, and also in the public-houses and beer-shops of evil reputation. But even if we accept Lord Morley's figures, which, we imagine, are somewhat conjectural, we are not bound to admit his conclusion. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc* is, in this instance, a very questionable conclusion. The improvement in the beer-shops, for example, is due quite as much to the Beer-Shops Act as to the Habitual Criminals Act. Since a register of criminals has been established at Scotland Yard, 35,600 names have been recorded; but the mere record of the names is of little or no value in itself, unless the police have at the same time the means of tracing the criminals from place to place, observing their course of life, and making them feel that they will at once be pounced upon if they relapse into their former ways. The register is only a part of the system, but it is a very important part. A significant proof of its value as an instrument of justice was afforded in the recent insurrection in Paris. One of the first things the Communists did, when they got the upper hand there, was to burn the biographical records of the Prefecture of Police. It must be remembered that the object of recent legislation on this subject has been not merely to punish, but to prevent crime. The Habitual Criminals Act was intended to strike at crime as a profession. It was felt to be not only dangerous, but disgraceful, that there should be in the country, and especially in the large towns, a standing army of notorious criminals, who were known to live by crime, who were continually committing crimes except during brief intervals of imprisonment, and who were no sooner released than they at once began to plunder and prey upon society as before. It was held that society had an undoubted right to place this class under restraint, and that if they were not to be locked up for life, the only condition on which they could be allowed to go at large was that they should live by honest means and should be able to prove this when called upon. The burden of proof is thus transferred from the public to the criminal, and an efficient system of supervision is indispensable in carrying out the system.

The principle of the Habitual Criminals Act is of course open to dispute, and it is not improbable that the philanthropists and sentimentalists may renew their attacks on it. But if the principle is once accepted, it is silly and mischievous not to give full effect to it by establishing a system of thorough and constant supervision over the criminals who are, in fact, allowed to go free only tentatively and conditionally, and who are required to justify their freedom by their good behaviour. Half measures in such a case are almost worse than none at all. The alternative lies between shutting up these people for long terms of imprisonment, or it may be in some cases for life, and releasing them with revocable licenses. This is the choice which the philanthropists have to face, and we cannot conceive that when the question is distinctly understood, there can be any doubt as to which course is more merciful to the criminals themselves. But if there are to be tickets of leave, there must also be supervision, and the supervision must be real, not nominal. The sentence of imprisonment is not repealed when a ticket of leave is granted; it is only suspended under certain conditions, and it is idle to make conditions if there are no means of ascertaining whether or not they are being fulfilled. The failure of the Act of 1869 was due to a weak compromise between the crotchets of tender-hearted philanthropists and the requirements of an efficient system of police. Obligations

were imposed on the criminals which were at the same time admitted to be cruel and oppressive since the Legislature hesitated to supply the powers necessary to enforce them. This foolish inconsistency is now to be repaired. The object of the Bill before the House of Lords is not to repeal the Act of 1869, but only to re-enact it in a more stringent and decided form. In future, a ticket-of-leave man will be required to report himself once a month to the police. He will also be bound to inform them whenever he changes his abode, and if he passes from one district to another he must report to the authorities in both districts. If he remains in any place for twenty-four hours without notifying where he is to be found to the police, his license will be revoked. Habitual criminals under supervision will be subject to the same conditions as the ticket-of-leave men, with the exception of the monthly report. In both cases the onus is thrown upon the released convict of proving that he is not living by dishonest means. The presumption of the law is against him, and he must clear himself of any suspicion which may attach to his behaviour. Doubts have been raised at different times as to the construction of the provision of the Act of Geo. IV. under which a person suspected of intent to commit a felony may be punished as a rogue and vagabond. The question is now set at rest by a clause authorising the arrest of the suspected person either in the street where he is found or in any place adjacent, and providing that the criminal intent may be proved without evidence as to any specific act, if, from the circumstances of the case and the prisoner's known character, the court is satisfied of his evil intentions. The provisions as to a register of criminals with a view to their identification are retained, with some improvements. In accordance with Lord Carnarvon's suggestion, the duty of keeping this register may be assigned either to the Commissioner of Police or any person whom the Home Secretary may appoint. The Commissioner must have his hands pretty full already; and the importance of having a complete and accurate register, carefully classified and adapted for all the purposes of prompt and thorough search, would certainly warrant the establishment, if necessary, of a special office for the purpose.

The confusion of mind which prevails among soft-hearted sentimental people on this subject is strongly exemplified in Lord Houghton's objection to the monthly report required from ticket-of-leave men, as an infringement of the liberty of the subject, and cruel to the persons concerned. As to the first of these objections, Lord Houghton does not appear to have reflected that it applies equally to the sentence of penal servitude which is mitigated by the ticket of leave, and in fact to the whole code of criminal law. It is the fundamental principle of criminal jurisprudence that by committing a crime a man forfeits his personal liberty, and that it is for the community against which he has offended to determine at what time and on what conditions it shall be restored to him. The supervision of which Lord Houghton complains is, as Lord Kimberley pointed out, only part of the sentence; and he might have added that it is at all events less an infringement of the liberty of the subject than the continuous imprisonment to which otherwise the convict would have to be relegated. It is the usual error of philanthropists to ignore the rights of the public in their amiable projects for the reformation of criminals. Rightly regarded, the interest of the public and the interest of the criminal doubtless coincide, but in the first instance the former is entitled to paramount consideration. It is an inadequate objection to measures which are taken for the preservation of social order and security that they bear hardly on those who violate the law. Supervision is sufficiently justified if it is shown to be necessary on public grounds. It happens, however, that though occasionally irksome and unpleasant under certain circumstances, it is on the whole an advantage to the criminal as well as to the public. While it protects the public from his violence, it also protects the criminal against himself, against his evil instincts and passions, and the temptations which surround him on his release from the artificial safeguards of a prison. As regards the monthly report, it is surely better that the convict should go to the police than that they should have to go after him. Failing these periodical reports, the police have no alternative but to fall back on a system of espionage which is at once less effectual as a measure of security, and more harassing and injurious to those who are subjected to it. The convict can keep the police acquainted with his movements without attracting observation, but it is impossible that the police can maintain a watch over him and seek information as to his habits and circumstances without exciting the suspicions of his employer or companions. The system of revocable licenses held under supervision and on condition of frequent communication with the police has had a full trial in Ireland, and has been attended with the best results. In England the relations between the police and the ticket-of-leave men under the old system of monthly reports appear to have been of a friendly character, and beneficial to the latter when they were honestly inclined. Sir R. Mayne, who was at first opposed to the practice, fearing that it would tell hardly on the convicts, was converted by experience, and afterwards gave strong evidence in its favour. Although the numbers of the criminal classes appear to be diminishing, the difficulty of dealing with them is undoubtedly increasing. The growth of population and the highly organized condition of society tend to develop certain kinds of vagabondage, which would otherwise be comparatively harmless, into actual crime. Moreover, our means of disposing of convicted criminals have been gradually restricted. We cannot hang them out of hand as we catch them, or lock them up for life, or transport them beyond the seas. However,

hasty and unwise our sacrifice of transportation may have been, it is for the present apparently irrevocable. We must make up our minds to keep our criminals at home; except so far as we can stimulate their voluntary exile by making the country too hot for them. The new Bill will have a wholesome influence in this respect, while at the same time it favours the return of well-disposed convicts to an honest course of life. It is undoubtedly a very severe and drastic measure, and the position of the ticket-of-leave man or habitual criminal who has not yet subdued his vicious propensities will undoubtedly be as unpleasant as that of the proverbial toad under the harrow. Detestable as a life of honest industry must appear in his eyes, it is not improbable that he may find it less insufferable than a career of crime, pursued under all the difficulties and discouragements which will be thrown in his way by the new law. The Bill will doubtless pass easily through the House of Lords, and it is to be hoped that it may become law this Session. But even the best of laws are only waste paper unless they are properly carried out, and with the assistance of the Home Secretary the criminals may defy the new Act with as much impunity as the old one. Defective as the latter was, it might have been turned to more account had the Home Office been disposed to enforce it energetically.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

II.

TWO great divisions in European nations, the Latin and the Teutonic, will occupy our present paper. The art manifestations of these two races have from time immemorial been diverse and almost antagonistic. The Alps are no less a barrier and a boundary in art than in climate, race, and religion. On the south of the Alps, architecture, painting, and sculpture have been and are of classic origin; the arts are in the service of the Latin Church, they are ardent with the passions of a Southern people, they have been stimulated to what may be termed tropical growth under the heat of the sun's rays. Among Teutonic races north of the Alps, on the contrary, the arts in general have taken Gothic forms, and have occasionally submitted to Protestantism, while painting in particular, instead of freely disporting herself in the open air, as in Italian cloisters, is housed against cutting frost, and in severe garb seems at once petrified and imprisoned. Through a period of many hundred years the arts of Italy and of Germany have been thus distinguished and dissevered. Yet ever and anon opposing elements meet and intermingle. Italy is invaded by the Lombards; the Germans build a Gothic cathedral at Milan; Albert Dürer lives and paints in Venice, and within living memory Overbeck, Cornelius, Veit, Schadow, and Schnorr plant a German colony on the Tiber. In no way does history repeat herself so frequently and undeviatingly as in art; even at this moment the International Exhibition reflects the historic developments we have just recounted.

The history of German art, within the period of recent developments, is little more than the history of the Academies of Düsseldorf, Berlin, Munich, and Vienna. Each of these centres becomes identified with something special and exceptional in motive, form, or colour, corresponding usually with the rise and power of some individual professor or director. Still a certain nationality not to be mistaken rules almost invariably within the entire circuit of the German frontier. It is to be regretted that the collections at Kensington are so fragmentary, desultory, and mediocre, that no adequate judgment can be formed of the strength or range of the German school. Among the absent are the greatest of living painters, such as Director Kaulbach, Professor Piloty, and Herr Max of Munich; Professor Steinhilber, known by master works in Frankfurt and Cologne; Professor Lessing and Herr Andreas Achenbach, identified with Düsseldorf; Herr Knaus, the Prussian, who received the grand prize in the Great Paris Exhibition, together with the whole Spiritual or Christian school led by Overbeck, excepting only Herr Ittenbach. The absence of the chiefs of the several German parties is all but fatal to the Galleries; still gleanings worth the gathering may be found scattered promiscuously.

Bavaria contributes about fifty pictures at prices ranging from 20*l.* to 375*l.* The artist is invariably his own exhibitor or salesman; in other words, the contributions are works which have lain heavy on the market. The prices are affixed to the frames and published in the Catalogue, on the principle that these annual Exhibitions, to succeed, must be turned into International shops. The pictures imported from the Continent generally, and from Germany in particular, have been selected with special regard to English tastes and English customers. Thus the high art of Munich has been justly deemed an uncommercial commodity. As a good example of what is called the genre of history may be noted "Louis XI. and his Barber, Oliver le Daim" (901), by Herr Hermann Kaulbach, the son, we presume, of Director Kaulbach and the pupil of Professor Piloty. The picture has special interest, because it points to the union of two great schools long divided; it combines action, colour, and realism. We would also call attention to a scene of character and humour by Herr Zimmermann, "A Sample of Wine" (936), as a near approach to Hasenclever, a painter seen seldom save in Munich and Düsseldorf. A German joke put upon canvas is usually ponderous, and needs a week to appreciate; but Hasenclever's wit provokes a laugh at the first glance, and it was as hard

to parody as that of Leech or of Doyle; the dash of a brush may be caught, but a flash of mirth cannot be impaled as a butterfly. "On the way to School," by Herr Baumgartner, is an instance of the heavy pictorial humour which in Germany may be supposed to be in art keeping with metaphysics and tobacco-smoke. German art wants spontaneity. "Sebastian Bach's Morning Family Prayers" (921), a work which Herr Rosenthal is willing to part with at the moderate sum of 375*l.*, is wooden in art. The Catalogue gives scanty and not always accurate information, but it is valuable as a price list. Bavarian genre, as we have hinted, is like Bavarian beer, a heavy commodity; but persons who can stand such stimulants may meet with not unpalatable stores under the names of Herr Niedman (919), Herr A. Seitz (924), and Herr Marc (911). Also in International back alums, where "American drinks" are imbibed and whitebait is seen in bottles, should be enjoyed at leisure a water-colour drawing wholly exceptional for character, knowledge, and off-hand mastery, "Casemate, Ingoldstadt, Bavaria" (1088), by Professor Wagner. This drawing seems to tell how or where Mr. Carl Haug and Mr. Carl Werner acquired styles familiar in our Water-Colour Galleries. We may add, as of universal application, that the Germans are execrable colourists, and yet, as we all know, good musicians; an anomaly which seems to contradict a favourite theory as to the old Venetian colourists.

Prussia, Saxe-Weimar, Hesse, Wurtemberg, Baden, Austria, and Hungary are severally present, though ill represented. It is scarcely worth while to enter on detailed criticism where the data are so scanty. In general terms we may say that Austria has never come out well in International Picture Galleries, the reason being that the Viennese school of painting has been for years in stagnation, if not in retrogression. Since the revolt of Overbeck and other young reformers at the beginning of this century, little appears to have happened at Vienna to disturb the slumbersome conservatism, the dreary conventionalism, of art in the Austrian empire. We have heard of measures which imply amelioration, but the good results are not yet apparent. "Charles I. taking leave of his Children" (881), by Herr Decker, is a commonplace affair. "The Union of Lublin, 1569" (940), has an interest other than Austrian. The well-known painter, Herr Matejko, has identified his art with Poland, the land of his birth; his talents have obtained recognition by medals and decorations; his style is individual, possibly national; the pictures which have fallen under our observation, here and on the Continent, have a warmth, vehemence, and melodramatic action which comport with the national character of Poland as still extant in Cracow, the city of the artist's birth. In the streets and environs of that picturesque town we have seen tempting materials for picture-making—peasants who tread the earth as princes, costumes of Oriental richness, backgrounds of quaint old buildings, with a distance beyond of broad plain, wild river, and dark-blue hills. It is always interesting to trace the relation between a painter's art and his personal surroundings, and when the external influences are strong and far-reaching, the style of the individual becomes the art of a school, or even the art of a nation. For Poland there can be no such hope; but for Hungary there are brighter prospects. This indomitable country for the first time enters International Picture Galleries in her own right; she contributes about twenty works, yet not even "Coriolanus before Rome" (1011), by Herr Orlay, is in any way remarkable. In fact, Hungary, as might naturally be expected, remains as to pictures but a province of Austria; and thus in art she takes rank as a third-rate European Power. Prussia, on the contrary, with her confederate States, asserts herself a Power of the first-class; France alone is her equal. Among minor States, Saxe-Weimar determines not to merge her individuality. Under the patronage of the Grand Duke, and with the efficient teaching of Professors Pauwels and Verlat, artists called from Belgium to the aid of Germany, this small duchy, long illustrious in literature and art, is able to make herself conspicuous among nations which are her superiors in population, wealth, and military power. The style adopted at Weimar, as at other art centres in the Fatherland, is mixed or eclectic; the school tries everything by turns.

The diverse styles of landscape painting in Europe may be fairly judged of. There exist, in fact, but three schools—the German, the French, and the English—each differing from the other. German landscapes have never been very popular in this country; they are apt to be pretentious in composition and violent in colour. Numerous and characteristic examples are here before us of what may be termed the Teutonic or histrionic treatment of mountains, thunderstorms, lakes, and darkly-shadowed foregrounds. We may enumerate "Mountain Landscape, Lake of Vierwaldstätt" (968), by Count Stanislaus; "Mont Blanc and Glacier of Boissons" (972), by Herr von Kamecke; the "Jungfrau" (1058), by Herr A. Becker; "Norwegian Fiord" (1074), by Herr Leu; "Scenery among the Hartz Mountains" (1075), by Herr Ludwig; and "Lake of Murz, Switzerland" (1086), by Herr Schultz. Such pictures, even by their titles, serve to show how strong is the love of mountain lands in the German mind, how German artists are ever intent upon enacting grandeur. These painters have, so to say, a patent whereby they grind out the sublime as on a barrel organ; the shadows are deep, the lights electric, the forms grandiose, as if Michael Angelo himself had assisted in calling mountains out of chaos. It cannot be said that the great German Empire trifles with nature, yet some people might prefer the repose of a cottage by a wood with a trout stream.

The division with which we started of Teutonic and Latin is

unequal both as to quality and quantity. The Latin lands of Italy, Spain, and Portugal suffered long under a decadence of art from which there are little signs of immediate recovery. The contributions from Portugal are insignificant; the country has always made a poor figure in International Exhibitions. And yet we had been led to hope that the Academy of Lisbon and the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts were likely to give new impulse to a failing cause. Spain is known to be in a more vital state than her sister kingdom; yet here, again, these Galleries afford no index to the contemporary art of the country. The only work which cannot be wholly passed by is "Velasquez painting the Portrait of the Infanta" (1119), by Señor Leony Escosura, a well-accredited painter of genre who has matured his style in Paris. In the ambitious work before us, however, he presumes to emulate Velasquez in scale, style, and subject. It is impossible, as we have said, on the data furnished, to speak in adequate terms of the present state of Spanish art; the school when at its best continues true to the definition which Ford gave of the historic art of the Peninsula; it is "grave, religious, draped, dark, natural, and decent." The Italian pictures, though better than the Spanish and Portuguese, are somewhat scanty, mediocre and stale. Two chief works are old acquaintances. "Buoso da Daira returned as a beggar and reviled for his treachery" (1053), by Signor Tancredi, and "The Entombment" (1043), by Signor Ciseri, have been severally seen in our Royal Academy. The obvious reason why they should be transferred to Kensington is that they still seek purchasers. A like motive apparently induces Signor Müller to entrust to "Her Majesty's Commissioners," at the "price of 200*l.*," the "Impatient Baby" (1047). To our knowledge, this fat boy, either in original or replica, has been impatient of neglect for at least two years. Some few compositions, such as "Sira's Sacrifice for her Mistress Fabiola" (1094), by Signor Maccari, possess exceptional originality and power. But, for the most part, the contributions are conventional and, when not weak, coarse. New-born political life has not yet awakened art from slumber and death. What seems fatal is that Italy paints without fixed purpose or animating faith; she puts on the mantle which great men have cast off, and what was once the mantle of genius is now only old clothes worn out.

National art loses its decisive outlines, its geographic frontiers, at Kensington. The distinguishing traits of schools are obliterated. This arises in part from the present tendency in art to cosmopolitanism. Painters nowadays study in many schools; they pass from capital to capital, and hence the pictures painted therein are not so much to any one nation as to the whole world. But perhaps the want of distinctive character arises yet more from the mediocrity of the works assembled. National art is usually the expression of national genius; a man distinguished above his fellows raises the art of his country and of his age. But when, as at Kensington, what is of exceptional elevation is left out, that which remains approaches a dead level; when the mountains are removed, plains and deserts have it all to themselves. The International Exhibition, in fact, according to the well-known policy of its ruling power, acts upon the advice given by Mr. Gladstone to the Underground Railway—it "sticks to the democracy." Third-class pays the way. In short, this Pantheon of shops is the last exponent of the principles which have for long ruled in "the Department"; it leads to the narrow path of true art by the broad road of mediocrity; it forces talent into relief by the foil of surrounding commonplace; it educates public taste at the cost of taste itself.

THE THEATRES.

WHATEVER may be the result of recent legislation, it is certain that for dramatic purposes Ireland will continue to be an afflicted country, and its peasantry will maintain their ancient superiority alike in repartee and fisticuffs to the oppressors' myrmidons, clothed either in red or blue. We have become used to see soldiers disarmed and cudgelled by an Irish mob upon the stage, and in the new play at the Princess's Theatre equal humiliation is suffered by the police. It is a curious fact that these Irish dramas, if only they are written and acted with moderate skill, are enormously popular in England. They are all constructed on the same model, and the only difference between the present and former productions of the same author is that the action of *Eileen Oge* is brought almost close to our own time. There is an oppressive landlord, and a suffering tenant, and sympathizing neighbours, and fortunately there is no Land Act in existence to mitigate the hardship which drives a young farmer into exile and leaves the girl who loves him to pine for his return. In future, if a landlord is the rival of a tenant as suitor for the hand of the daughter of another tenant, it will be doubtful whether the process of ejectment may not result in payment of compensation upon which a young couple may marry comfortably. But in the past we are justified in believing, at least for theatrical purposes, that an Irish landlord, with the help of a Scotch middleman, could not only reduce a tenant to poverty, but even drive him into crime. It is of course darkly hinted that "the boys" may interfere with any ejectment that may be attempted, but their courage does not rise in the first act to the point of rescuing Patrick O'Donnell from arrest upon a criminal charge. He is captured and sent into penal servitude. And the usual consequences follow in his absence. The widowed father of his beloved Eileen falls behind with his rent, and is threatened with ejectment, and actually suffers a distress. There is a hay-

making scene, in which we have been so fortunate as to see, for the first time this season, some dry hay, and the dancing, by which Irish labour upon the stage is necessarily relieved, does not suffer any impediment from tenacious mud; while the absence of sunlight, from which agriculture has lately suffered, is supplied by gas. In the midst of the merrymaking which a gallon of whisky has produced, a bailiff, supported by a party of police, appears and puts in a distress. The officers of the law are, however, promptly encountered at close quarters by the lads of the hayfield, while the lasses disperse themselves and harness the enemy's flanks and rear by throwing stones. We have read complaints against the practice which has prevailed of late years of turning the Irish police into ill-drilled soldiers; but we are satisfied that with a view to stage effect this change was judicious, inasmuch as the contest between pitchforks and cudgels on the one side, and muskets and bayonets on the other, is much more exciting than if the police were merely armed with staves, while the valour of the haymakers is more triumphantly displayed.

The question how a country is to be governed where the supporters of the law are unable to enforce its process concerns not the dramatist but the Lord-Lieutenant. We may, however, observe that in actual practice a body of police carrying rifles would probably make some attempt at drawing triggers before allowing themselves to be overpowered and disarmed. The remark that was made upon the picture of the combat between the man and the lion is not applicable to those dramas in which English artists delight to represent the authority of England as baffled and made contemptible by Irish mobs. We hope that the intelligent German who has described his impressions of the review of household troops in Bushey Park may be induced to visit the Princess's Theatre, and transmit to us through the newspapers such remarks as occur to him upon *Eileen Oge*. Probably he would think that if Irish sedition really existed, the English Government would not permit an imitation of it to be produced upon the stage. The "boys" who are inclined to prevent forcibly the eviction of their popular neighbour, Patrick O'Donnell, are, notwithstanding their dancing and singing, Ribbonmen in principle, and it would certainly surprise an observant foreigner to find that a subject which occasions grave present anxiety to statesmen is treated by a dramatist as belonging to that borderland between truth and fiction to which Jacobitism and other early forms of opposition to English rule have long since been relegated. There is no mistake about the recent date which is ascribed to the incidents of this play because in a great sensational scene an attempt is made at murder by applying chloroform upon a handkerchief to the intended victim's face. The application is made by the Scotch steward of the landlord, Mr. Loftus, and the patient is the tenant who has prevailed against him as a suitor of Eileen. There are persons in Scotland, and perhaps elsewhere, who believe that Scotch managers of estates are engaged in teaching Irish tenants thrift and industry, as well as improved methods of farming. But probably popular opinion in Ireland coincides with the dramatist who represents this class of invaders as teachers and practitioners of new forms of conspiracy and murder. The landlord, Mr. Loftus, assumes as nearly as may be the manners and appearance of an English gentleman, such as one might meet in Regent Street this afternoon, and it is rather startling to find that such a man is capable of planning a murder in a haunted mill. We shall perhaps spoil the pleasure of some intending visitors to this theatre if we mention that the tenant is not really murdered, but only stupefied and dropped through a trap-door into the mill-race where the cold water does away with the influence of the chloroform, and he saves himself by skill in swimming from the fate intended for him.

It is hardly an objection to the play that we seem to have seen all the characters before, and that the slight modernization of the incidents scarcely imparts novelty. No doubt it makes a scene more real and pleasant when a proclamation is quoted as having been issued under the viceroyalty of Lord Carlisle; and when we are told that a letter was opened by the steam of a boiling kettle, we suppose that it must have been written after the use of adhesive envelopes became general. The father of Eileen, being unable to ruin himself quickly enough by farming, becomes a contributor under the winding-up of an abortive railway project. A drama which introduces both Joint-Stock Companies and ghosts among its machinery may be said to avail itself of the advantages at once of civilization and of barbarism. But to prevent disappointment, we must mention that the ghost is not a real ghost, but only a girl who has gone dressed in white to meet her brother at the ruined mill. There is, of course, a parish priest of the favourite type, and he gives spiritual advice to the pretty lambs of his flock, and knocks down the wolves who rudely assault them by the roadside, just as in Irish pieces which we have seen before. There are no soldiers, and therefore the ignominy and insults which are usually heaped upon the wearers of red coats are bestowed upon police in blue coats. Mr. Loftus, the landlord, who is presumably of English origin, has a servant whose manners and speech are of indisputably cockney growth. While the master courts Eileen, the man makes love to her maid, and it need not be told that both are equally unsuccessful. It is an invariable principle of these dramas that an Englishman has no chance against a native with the Irish girls.

There is no doubt of the success of the piece which we have thus endeavoured to describe. It will probably enjoy a popularity approaching that of the same author's *Peep o' Day*, and may compensate for the disastrous result of some of his more recent efforts. The apparent ease with which he has now suc-

ceeded causes surprise that he should ever allow himself to fail. The critics agree in applauding the dance of haymakers, but that is something which might easily be introduced into any Irish piece. The spectacular effects are good, and perhaps the repetition in the last act of the scene with which the play began is more impressive than the most gorgeous variation could be. The dream of Eileen, in which she sees her exiled lover upon a rock in the Pacific Ocean, signalling to a ship, is a less hackneyed incident than others of this play. But the author is hardly equal to writing a speech for his heroine on this occasion. You may send a transported Irishman to any part of the earth or ocean, put him through any number of adventures, and bring him home again in the nick of time to frustrate his rival's marriage to the girl from whom he has been separated by an oppressive Government and a cruel law; and therefore it may be expected that the series of Mr. Falconer's Irish dramas will be continued as long as ballet-masters and scene-painters perform their duty. There is no Fenianism in this piece, and the neighbours of the hero only talk about resisting his eviction. But they not only resist but conquer the police who support the distress upon the farm of Eileen's father. We do not see any reason why Fenianism as well as other forms of Irish lawlessness should not be dramatized; and if the Lord Chamberlain should continue as tolerant of theatrical sedition as he has hitherto appeared, a great future awaits the industrious and enterprising dramatist who may devote himself to representing Irish character both in the Old and New World. A Fenian leader, young, handsome, and enthusiastic, might be separated from his betrothed on the bridal morn and sent to America, either to invade Canada or to fight against the Comanches and Apaches, and other formidable savages of the Far West. The scene-painter might introduce Niagara itself, if he knew how, and Indians in war-paint and tomahawks would afford a pleasing variation from Scotch middlemen in tartan trousers who do their murdering by the help of chloroform. All these pieces would be popular in London, and more popular in New York, so that the success now attained at the Princess's Theatre may be often repeated by the same means.

The agreeable spectacle of a full house may be witnessed nightly at the Haymarket Theatre, where Mr. Sothorn now appears in a farce as well as in what the advertisements describe as "a highly successful comedy." We have before spoken of this comedy, called *The English Gentleman*, as rather a poor affair, but we are happy to observe a robust vigour in the farce. The character, or rather the circumstances, of Augustus Thrillington in *Not if I Know It* are very droll, and Mr. Sothorn plays the part under the immense advantage that the audience are prepared to find drollery in his every gesture and look and word. We do not suppose that the authors of this farce supposed themselves to have created a new character, but of course the part which Mr. Sothorn plays is different from what it would have been in the hands of, let us say, Mr. Buckstone. Having seen Mr. Buckstone many times, and always to our great amusement, there remains an impression of the sameness of his acting, and a similar remark might be made as to Mr. Sothorn. But let us not quarrel with a good thing. We are happy to have made the acquaintance of Augustus Thrillington.

CRICKET.

THE writer of *Cricketers in Council*, one of the latest additions to the literature of cricket, has pointed out how materially the practice of the game is at variance with the strict letter of the law. Therein lies the strength as well as the weakness of cricket. Its laws have no pretensions to scientific arrangement or accuracy of expression. Their language is often confused, often ambiguous, sometimes unintelligible, and not unfrequently one law contradicts another. They are drawn up so as to leave innumerable loopholes for objections and evasions. In country matches, where an innings is hardly ever got through without some opportunity occurring for raising a quibble, plenty of players are found ready to take advantage of the chance. Win, tie, or wrangle is too often the maxim of the opposing parties, and a free fight the not unfrequent upshot of the day's play. This is the weak point of cricket under its present laws; its strength lies in the good feeling created by the generous concessions made, and the mutual desire shown in such matches as that between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to act not according to the letter but the spirit of the rules. Last year, for instance, the match was won and lost by an act of courtesy. When Oxford wanted two runs to win and had three wickets to fall, it was already three, if not five, minutes past the time appointed for drawing stumps. Had the rules been strictly observed, the three men would have gone in the next morning, and, as a matter of course, the runs would have been obtained. It seemed absurd, however, to give their antagonists the trouble of coming on the ground a third day merely that two runs might be got, and so, in a shockingly bad light and under the eyes of ten thousand spectators, the anything but dauntless three were sent forth, and were bowled out with three consecutive balls. So, in the Eton and Harrow match a few years ago, when one of the batsmen was stupidly and wrongly given out by the umpire, he was courteously invited by the other side to resume his place at the wickets. Of course the offer could not be accepted, and, indeed, the hubbub and tumult on that well-remembered occasion was wholly unjustifiable, the first axiom of cricket being that the umpire's

decision is final, though, as is truly asserted by the gentleman or gentlemen who writes or write under the *nom de plume* of "Thomsonby," not irrevocable—a fact of which few umpires are aware. The privilege of revising their decisions is one of which they might frequently avail themselves with great advantage. Undoubtedly one great cause of the cavilling and squabbling at country matches is the manifest incapacity of country umpires to do their duty, and, further, the peculiar accidents of many rural grounds lead occasionally to very queer cricket points. The specimens which "Thomsonby" has given, in *Cricketers in Council*, of odd incidents of the game might easily be multiplied and embodied in a treatise on the casuistry of cricket. Take the question of boundaries, for instance, as distinguished from obstacles. When the ball is hit to a boundary, it becomes *ipso facto* dead, and the batsman cannot afterwards be given out under any circumstances; but if, as is often the case on country grounds, there are obstacles, such as trees, not acknowledged as boundaries, the case is, or ought to be, quite different. The ball does not become dead by hitting such obstacles, and therefore, strictly speaking, the batsman can be fairly caught out off them. But we are certain that, if any umpire gave a man out under such circumstances, his decision would provoke a very unpleasant feeling.

Again, if, after playing a ball, the batsman should slip forward and fall with his hand on the ball, he would clearly be out under Law XXIII., but few umpires would be stern enough to dismiss him for such an accident. The well-known story of the man who played a ball into his own pocket, and who, being unable (under the last-named law) to take it out himself, ran away with the whole eleven in chase, "Thomsonby" regards as apocryphal. Curiously enough we witnessed a match not a month ago where a similar incident occurred. The wicket-keeper, however, either through ignorance or excess of courtesy, quietly took the ball out of the batsman's pocket, and then rolled it back to the bowler along the ground without making any appeal to the umpire. But if the batsman had run away and the field had given chase, we should like to know what limit of time would be allowed for effecting his capture. If he was fleet of foot and took a strong lead across country, the progress of the game might be indefinitely postponed. Or, by divesting himself of his offending coat, and throwing it on the ground, would he escape, or must the ball actually touch earth, free from all intermediate substance? There are numerous other points, such as leg-byes, lost balls, and hitting one's own wicket, on which equally curious questions may be raised. We suggest one, and pass on. The batsman plays the ball in such a manner that it is likely to run into his wicket. That he may hit or kick it away from his wicket if he can we all know; but then he often runs the risk of knocking the bail off with his foot or his bat. Might he drop his bat and seize the stumps with both hands so as to prevent the bails falling off when the ball reaches the wicket? There is a law against handling the ball, but none against handling the stumps; and if a man is quick enough with his hands to save his bails from being knocked off, he is acting quite within the letter of the rules. We have not mentioned the most fruitful cause of cricket disputes—the law about leg before wicket. We not only agree with "Thomsonby," that "an appalling number of wrong decisions under this law are given by umpires," but we firmly believe that the ordinary run of umpires are not right more than once in a hundred times in their judgments on this point. Leg before wicket is the great blot of cricket; for a law that is, and cannot fail to be, habitually misapplied stands self-condemned. Country matches are continually reduced to a farce by the futile efforts of the umpires to execute justice on this point; and we are bound to say that their task is often rendered additionally difficult by the reckless and excited appeals of the bowler. If the law were altered, so that the pitch of the ball might be neglected, the umpire's work would be easier to do, and would be better done; and in these days of great scoring there is surely no occasion to grudge the bowler this small extra advantage.

From what we have said it will be gathered that the practice of cricket depends as much on the unwritten law of custom and precedent as on the meagre, insufficient, and conflicting rules laid down by authority. And this will be brought home to every cricketer who considers that such apparently fundamental points as the number of players on each side, and the number of innings to be played, are absolutely unnoticed in the written laws of the game. Much, very much, is left to the discretion and good feeling of the players themselves, and at no time is this generous rivalry better exhibited than in the great cricket event of the year, the annual contest between the two Universities. That it was, to say the truth, rather tame this year, was not altogether a matter of wonder; for after the fearful excitement of last year's match any game, however well contested, was certain to seem dull. It seemed to us also that the attendance was much smaller than usual, but as the authorities say differently, we must conclude that the new self-registering turnstiles succeed in counting a great number of persons who in former years have escaped notice. Many of the characteristic features of a University match were repeated with strange particularity. As usual, the batsmen did not do themselves justice, save in a few instances; as usual, also, one particular bowler carried all before him. We recollect how Mr. Teape and Mr. Fellowes in turn paralysed the Cambridge batting, and how quickly they both subsided into bowlers of a most ordinary type. Only a year ago Mr. Francis was good enough to bowl against the Players of England, and Mr. Cobden was found unplayable by Oxford batsmen; and now their bowling

is comparatively valueless. Last year Mr. Butler was comparatively ineffective; this year he was the hero of the match, and performed the unprecedented feat of taking all ten wickets in the first innings of Cambridge. The in side naturally declared that his bowling was too good to be successfully resisted. When a man is bowled out, he generally expatiates at some length on the peculiar excellence of the ball that dismissed him. Undoubtedly Mr. Butler bowled a certain number of balls which it was no disgrace even to a good batsman to be unable to stop. But, on the other hand, he bowled a vast number of pitched up, and an equally large number of short-pitched, balls. Of these, few of the strong batting eleven of Cambridge took advantage. They appeared paralysed with fear; and though there were men of such experience as Mr. Yardley, Mr. Money, and Mr. Scott, who have had plenty of practice against the best professional bowlers, they all played very much under their true form. Whether from nervousness, or from a sense of responsibility, the batting in the University match nearly always falls short of just expectations, and few will deny that the Cambridge eleven this year were worth very many more runs than they obtained. Indeed, we very much doubt if the best professional bowlers in England would succeed in getting rid of them for sixty-five runs. Mr. Fryer, indeed, whose beautiful style is shown to admiring spectators on other grounds, is a mere infant at Lord's, and never to be depended on for a single run; but take Mr. Thornton, the finest hitter in all England, and a man not likely to suffer from nervousness. The field spread out for him in all directions, the multitude gave him the cheer of encouragement reserved for great popular favourites, and the people in the Pavilion and the Grand Stand began to look out for their own safety, in case the ball should travel their way. It was really not courteous in Mr. Thornton to cause all this stir and trouble for nothing, and to stand and beat the air instead of the ball with his bat for the few minutes that he remained at the wickets. In any other match he would have punished just as good bowling at the rate of a run a minute. Only three days afterwards, for instance, we find him at the Oval, against the professional bowling of the South of England, scoring 61 runs in little more than half-an-hour, and hitting out of the ground, out of sight, and pretty nearly out of Kennington parish. In truth, Cambridge batting did scant justice to its own real merits in the University match, and this, coupled with a great deal of inexcusably slovenly fielding, lost Cambridge the match. The batting honours, such as they were, rested with Mr. Stedman, who played a thorough cricketer's innings, and Mr. Cobden, who hit freely and unconcernedly all round, just as if he was playing in an ordinary country match. We do not at all mean to assert that on the other side there was an entire absence of that nervous anxiety which crippled the Cambridge batting. On the contrary, six Oxford wickets fell in the first innings for ten runs, and one of the Dark-blues, by no means a batsman of insignificant pretensions, was manifestly out as soon as he was in purely from disquietude of mind. Even the Oxford captain, Mr. Tylecote, played timidly and uneasily at first, and only Mr. Pauncefoot, whose innings was the finest on either side, seemed proof against these depressing influences. The result was in accordance with the traditions of the match. The strongest point of amateur play, the batting, gave way to what is usually the weakest, the bowling; and, as has often been the case before, on the strength of a purely exceptional performance a new bowler is suddenly exalted to the skies, and hoisted into a position which is probably quite undeserved. Only three days after the Oxford and Cambridge match we find the state of affairs quite altered, and University batting showing its ascendancy over the best professional bowling of the South. Though the Gentlemen of the South just lost their match against the Players of that division of England, it was from no fault of their allies from Oxford and Cambridge; for no fewer than 300 runs, or considerably more than half the gross total, were contributed by the four University batsmen. At Lords' also, this week, under every disadvantage from the wet and slippery ground, Mr. Yardley, the Cambridge captain, played two of the finest innings that a cricketer could wish to see, against the cream of the professional bowling of England; and, *per contra*, Mr. Butler's bowling not only failed to secure a single wicket, but runs were made off it with ease and rapidity. From all which we arrive at the conclusion that the batting in the University match is not nearly so indifferent, and the bowling not nearly so good, as they generally seem to be. A few days after the crack batsmen are apt, against far superior bowling, to get their accustomed average of runs, and the crack bowlers to be hit all over the ground without securing a single wicket.

REVIEWS.

YULE'S MARCO POLO.*

HEARTY thanks are due from the public to Colonel Henry Yule for the unsparing and exhaustive labour he has bestowed upon his edition of Marco Polo's travels. The work of the Herodotus of modern times has here been annotated and illus-

trated with a critical fulness and a careful scholarship such as we are wont to see bestowed upon a first-class German edition of a classic author. His own Eastern experience, together with his professional training in matters both of diplomacy and arms, has stood the editor in as good stead where the accuracy of Polo's narrative is concerned as his fine classical and general culture in matters bearing upon the literary history of the work itself. As a direct motive to the preparation of a new English edition, Colonel Yule points to the amount of appropriate material, together with the close acquaintance with the mediæval geography of many parts of Asia, acquired by him during the compilation of a work of a kindred nature for the Hakluyt Society—*Cathay, and the Way Thither*—a collection of mediæval notices of China; several of the notes from which, hardly, as he urges, in the strictest sense published, albeit printed before, have been incorporated into the edition before us. The list of versions in various tongues in which Polo's work has been set before the world is perpetually swelling. M. Pauthier was enabled, not many years ago, to enumerate fifty-six, of which twenty-three were in Italian, nine in English, eight in Latin, seven in German, four in French, three in Spanish, and one each in Portuguese and Dutch. Of the English editions, that of Marsden, in 1813, still retains its hold of the market and of the public esteem. The latest French edition, that of M. Pauthier, rich as it is in new matter bearing upon the bibliography of the subject and the family history of Polo, has been shown, by a searching notice in the *Quarterly Review*, now acknowledged as his own by Colonel Yule, and made in great measure the basis of his present introduction, to be open to many objections in detail, bespeaking the unrivalled mastery of the subject possessed by our countryman. The long list of friends, or less known correspondents, to whom he expresses acknowledgments for help received, bears witness at once to the wide scope and untiring assiduity of his inquiries and to the candour with which his obligations to extraneous aid have been confessed. If we have any fault to find with the resulting work, it lies in the profusion with which this wealth of learning has been heaped up in these two ample volumes, swelling the bulk of the book and wellnigh overloading the text with the sheer weight of matter and authority which is brought to bear upon the simplest point. We are barely reconciled by the undoubted learning it displays to the lengthy digression on the "war galleys of the middle ages" to which we are led by the bare mention of Marco's equipping the galley in which he was made prisoner by the Genoese. The reference to the umbrella cannot be allowed to pass without an erudite note tracing the history of the sun-shade from the time of Arrian to that of its introduction into England. Polo's story of the Bactri, or conjurors of the Great Kaan, causing cups of wine to move from their place untouched and present themselves to the monarch, is capped by such a series of tales of natural magic and legerdemain from writers old and new, that our amusement is lost in wonder that it ever comes to an end. Excesses of this kind, signs that the work has been a labour of love, are at the same time so much in contrast with the slipshod and superficial character of much of the literary work at present in vogue, and, if faulty, are so obviously on the right side, as to provoke a smile at the earnestness of the compiler, rather than a complaint of the mass of reading to be got through. In the same spirit we accept the gift of the large plate, lithographed in colours and life-sized, of the fossil egg of *Apornis gigas*, slipped into a pocket in Vol. II., as an accompaniment to a learned note upon the Ruc, and upon the wide diffusion and various forms of the fable connected therewith.

In what language did Polo's book of marvels first appear? Misled by the hasty assumption of Ramusio, many have held it to have been the Latin. Most of mankind, from Gryneus downwards, have believed it to have been the Venetian, Polo's mother-tongue—a natural assumption, which had in its favour some slight contemporary evidence. Fra Pipino the Dominican of Bologna, whose Latin version is assigned by Ramusio to 1320, speaks of it as a translation *de vulgari*. And in one MS. copy of the same chronicle inspected by Colonel Yule at Modena the same Father refers to his version as made *ex vulgari Lombardico*; and this, improbable as it may seem in the light now thrown upon the problem, the Colonel believes to have been the case. The oldest MS. in any Italian dialect is supposed to be one by Michael Ormanni (who died in 1309), in the Magliabechian Library at Florence, known as *L'Ottima*, on account of the purity of its Tuscan, and as *Della Crusca*, from its being one of the authorities cited in the Vocabulary of that body. Besides other Italian versions, there was an early one into Portuguese, from which Marsden believed the Latin one of Gryneus in his *Novus Orbis* (Basle, 1532), wholly differing as it does from Fra Pipino's, to have been derived. The printed French editions from the middle of the sixteenth century, adds Colonel Yule, are translations from Gryneus, whose text is so worthless as to make it strange that Andreas Müller, who devoted himself in the seventeenth century to carefully editing Polo, should have chosen to reproduce such a poor fifth-hand translation. It was Bardello Boni who was first led, on preparing his elaborate edition, published at Florence in 1827, to the discovery that the original language was French. Indications of this fact were forced upon him by a comparison of the Italian text, going back as far as 1309, with the archaic French first published in 1824 by the Geographical Society of Paris (and referred to by Colonel Yule as the "Geographical Text") from a unique MS. in the Paris Library, to which it is said to have come from the Library of the old kings at Blois. In a number of passages cited from Bardello

* *The Book of Marco Polo, the Venetian*. Newly translated and edited, with notes, by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1871.

by Colonel Yule, French idioms prevail in the Tuscan version; *l'uomo for on; quattro-vinti for ottanta*. *Chevoits*, "hair," in the old French, appears as *cavagli*, "horses"; *la grande province jeneraus*, "the great general province," becomes a province called "Jenaraus." A captain and other help promised by Kublai Kaan, "Chievetaïn et aide," has been turned by the puzzled Tuscan scribe into two Tartar tribes, "quegli d' Aide e quegli di Caveità." Additional proofs have been adduced by M. Paulin Paris, d'Avezac, Hugh Murray, Thomas Wright, Vincenzo Luzari, and others. A clinching argument is drawn by Colonel Yule from the way in which proper names, especially of the Mongol type, are transformed from the French into the Italian. There can be no doubt of the truth of his conclusion that in this, which he calls the first of four types of Polo's text, we have the original tale as taken down by the scribe Rusticiano from the traveller's dictation in his prison at Genoa. It is the source of all other versions of the work. It is not indeed "Frenche of Paris." Not only are Italian and Oriental words slipped in or but imperfectly Gallicized, but the writer, says Colonel Yule, is at war with all the practices of French grammar. Subject and object, numbers, moods and tenses, are in consummate confusion. There is, in particular, a rough dramatism suggestive of real narrative, a constant recurrence of pet phrases, a hammering over and over of the same set of ideas. Later and less authentic than this is the class of French MSS., forming Type II., on which M. Pauthier has based his text, and of which five copies are extant—three in the Great Paris Library; one at Berne, once in the possession of Bongars, the author of *Gesta Dei per Francos*; and one in the Bodleian. We agree with Colonel Yule in seeing no particular grounds for the superior authenticity of this version in the curious MS. note attached to one of the Paris copies, and to that of Berne, certifying the work to have been the gift of "Sire Marc Pol" himself to Thiebault de Cepoy at Venice, in August 1307. It may be taken, indeed, as a corroborative witness to the fact of Polo's book having been composed in *vulgari Gallico*. But even if drawn up under Polo's care or sanction, and giving the stamp of his authority to those passages in which it varies or supplements the Geographical Text, it can by no means set aside the proof on which rests the originality of the other. The third type is that found in Friar Pipino's Latin version and its derivatives; and the fourth comprises the widely different and expanded version prepared by Ramusio, based indeed, as he seems to imply, upon Pipino's Latin, but wanting in such respects as the terminal historical chapters, and those about the Magi, &c., while it is divided into books, gives many new facts, and is more copious and literary in style. Colonel Yule concludes, as we think rightly, with Bardello, Klaproth and Neumann, against Hugh Murray, Luzari, and Bartoli, that these additions and modifications are due to the traveller's own hand in later years, or after his death digested from his notes or dictation, and introduced into the text. The discovery of supplemental materials from Polo's own pen may even yet be regarded as not beyond hope. The Appendix gives side by side comparative specimens of ten of the most distinctive recensions of the text, showing the extraordinary degree of variation which exists between them. The reader has indeed only to turn for a page or two to Marsden's familiar text, in order to appreciate what Colonel Yule has now done to recover Polo's original and authentic narrative. The resulting text may be described as an eclectic one, Pauthier's being taken as the basis, corrected throughout by collation with the Geographical. Another very valuable table gives a list of all the MS. copies of the Travels, seventy-five in number, which Colonel Yule's industry has made known to him, of most of which he speaks from personal inspection. To M. Pauthier's list of versions he is enabled to add the very curious one, in the Irish language, forming part of the *Book of Lismore*, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, found walled up at Lismore Castle in 1814. The book was written about 1460, and in Dr. O'Curry's account of it in his *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History*, this translation of Polo is set down at about the same date.

It has not been found possible to add much to the scanty notices extant of Polo's family history, so as to clear up the obscurity in which it has been left by Ramusio and other early biographers. His pedigree has been satisfactorily made out by Colonel Yule to four generations, and the date of his birth pretty clearly established as 1254. His will, dated January 9, 1323 (O. S.), is given verbatim, line for line with the original in St. Mark's Library, together with other documents bearing upon family matters, including abstracts of the wills of his uncle Marco and his brother Maffeo, whom M. Pauthier, by the way, persists in calling Matteo. The date of his marriage is uncertain, but his wife's Christian name is ascertained from his will to have been Donata, and Colonel Yule gives reasons for believing her to have been of the Loredano family. He had no son, but left three daughters, the two eldest married before his death; Fantina to Marco Bragadino, and Bellela, whose husband's name we fail to learn. Moreta is found married in 1333, and the mother deceased by 1336. How long Polo survived making his will we do not know, but from a scanty series of documents commencing in June in the following year (1325) it seems that he had then been some time dead. For his chequered and romantic history we have to look to his strangely varying, yet on the whole concordant and uniformly lifelike, record. Like one of those giant rivers, often crossed in his path, frequently shifting its bed and puzzling the geographer by the traces

of manifold courses and the confluence of auxiliary streams, the flood of Eastern knowledge may here be followed from its source for an interval of wellnigh half-a-dozen centuries, running through the entire length and breadth of modern geographical literature, fertilizing and keeping fresh, so to say, by its almost fabulous wealth of observation and insight, the entire realm of our acquaintance with the East.

In his estimate of the literary character of his author, Colonel Yule has not been carried away by the tendency to fond or exaggerated partisanship which we are wont to see in editors. Neither in lofty enthusiasm nor in scientific pretensions is Polo to be put, as has been at times the case, on a level with Columbus, although his book served beyond doubt as a beacon to light the course, if not to kindle the fire, of the greater son of the rival Republic. In point of scientific attainment the truthful Marco may fall below the unvarnished Maundeville. Among the languages which he had more or less accurately mastered, Chinese was not included, and it is in respect to Chinese manners and peculiarities that his book is most deficient. Strange to say, he never mentions the use of tea, though he had traversed the tea district of Fokien; the compressed feet of the women; the use of the fishing cormorant, though mentioned by Friar Odoric, the contemporary of his later years; artificial egg-hatching; or the printing of books, with a score of other distinctive arts and customs. That his associations in China were chiefly with foreigners may be inferred from his habitually using Tartar or Persian for native names. In the recent history of Asia Marco is often perplexingly inaccurate—e.g. in his account of the death of Chingiz and the relationships of that illustrious chief, which Colonel Yule has been at pains to elucidate in a genealogical table in the Appendix. The most puzzling knot of all is the story of the siege of Savanfu or Siangyang (book ii. ch. 70) during the subjugation of Southern China by Kublai. The Chinese authorities make it difficult to believe that the three Polos could have reached the place within a year and a half of the time when they are represented by Marco as having effected the fall of the city by the aid of mangonels constructed by their followers. The contrariety is left pretty much as it stands after Colonel Yule's elaborate notes, furnishing at the same time the occasion for much curious and valuable information on the history and uses of military engines down to the recent experiments in this line made by order of the Emperor Napoleon. That Marco's reading, however arrested by his leaving home at fifteen years of age, extended to the singular mass of legendary lore which grew up around the person and the exploits of Alexander the Great, is shown by his notices of the Iron Gate, of Gog and Magog, of the marriage of Alexander with the daughter of Darius, with the battle between the two heroes, and by his repeated references to Arbre Sol or Arbre Sec on the Khorsan frontier, on all which Colonel Yule's able and scholarlike dissertations deserve to be read with attention. In his critical remarks upon the contemporary recognition of Polo's work our editor shows cause to modify the idea of its rapid diffusion and wide-felt influence handed down by Ramusio. To judge from the number of MSS. now extant, it can never have had anything like the circulation of the *Divina Commedia*, or even of the lying Maundeville. No allusion to Polo is found in Dante, nor does that poet mention the name of Cathay, which is indeed often met with in the poems of a humbler contemporary, Francesco da Barberino, yet with nothing further to imply a knowledge of Polo's book. The eminent geographer Marino Sanuto the Elder, of his own time and country, betrays not the slightest knowledge of Polo, though well acquainted with the somewhat later work of Hayton, the Armenian friar, and ofttimes crossing the path of Polo's labours. The actual notices of the work within the fourteenth century, with all Colonel Yule's research, have not been extended beyond five, none of which, he confesses, are new. Of these the most curious is that of a celebrated physician, Pietro d'Abano, who speaks of a remarkable Southern star described to him by Polo as having a faint light "as big as a sack," which at once suggests the notion of the great Magellanic cloud. Definite mention is made of the Polos in the Chronicle of John of Ypres, while the poetical romance of Bauduin de Sebourg, ascribed to the early part of the fourteenth century, though nowhere speaking of Marco by name, shows a thorough acquaintance with his book, and borrows themes largely from it, of which notable specimens are furnished by Colonel Yule. The influence exerted by Polo's discoveries upon the geography of Europe gives occasion to a valuable sketch of the general progress of modern geographical knowledge, with which the introduction closes. What were probably Polo's own ideas of geography have been embodied in an ideal map, which is supplemented by a series of charts and itineraries that greatly assist the reader in tracking the traveller's steps. The narrative has moreover been illustrated by fifty or more woodcuts, both from native and European sources, setting before the eye the architecture, the scenery, and other characteristics, past or present, of the countries visited, including several excellent photographs of inscriptions, such as the celebrated one in Chinese and Syriac at Singanfu, and that in four languages on the archway at Keu-yung-Kwan, north-west of Peking. The artistic taste conspicuous in the general getting up of the book combines with the literary ability displayed throughout in entitling it to a foremost place among the publications of the day.

JULIAN FANE.*

MR. LYTTON'S touching Memoir, though it is full of unqualified praise, has the rare merit of freedom from exaggeration. The statement that Julian Fane was, in his biographer's opinion, "the most graceful and accomplished gentleman of the generation he adorned," offers perhaps too rash a challenge to contradiction; yet it is true that in Mr. Fane "the most universal sympathy with all the intellectual culture of his age was united to a refinement of social forms and a perfection of personal grace which, in spite of all its intellectual culture, the age is sadly in want of." His great personal beauty, his varied gifts and attainments, the tact and brilliancy of his conversation, and an unequalled charm of manner, attracted all men on the most casual acquaintance to the favourite of nature and fortune. Mr. Lytton records the deeper feelings of affection with which Mr. Fane was regarded by his friends and by those who were connected with him by still closer ties. He seems never to have pursued as a serious object the social success which he attained without an effort; and it is remarkable that, although he spent the best part of his youth and manhood on the Continent, his taste and inclination always turned by preference to London and to Cambridge, to English scenery, English manners, and English political life. When he had scarcely attained middle age, with his foot near the highest rounds of diplomacy as Secretary of Embassy at Paris with the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary, he deliberately retired from his profession, though he was still undecided between a life of literary retirement and a Parliamentary career. Some of his friends appear to think that he would have been too sensitive, and perhaps too indolent, for the House of Commons, where he would almost certainly have succeeded as a speaker. Mr. Lytton, though he concurs in the opinion that he would have shrunk from the drudgery of business, with a fine perception attributes to his friend "that tolerance of platitudes which is so valuable a quality in dealing with popular assemblies." One of Mr. Fane's family with legitimate partiality attributes his renunciation of Parliamentary life to a fastidious conscientiousness which seems also to have deterred him from entering the Church. There is an element of weakness in scruples which impair practical efficiency. Whatever may be the objections to political activity in extreme cases such as that of the United States and of the future English democracy, there is nothing in Parliamentary business to justify the best and ablest men in shrinking from compliance with the conditions of public utility. Dispassionate observers in private life are at liberty to form an independent judgment of any political question which arises; but as a general rule it is as lawful for a politician to vote with a party as for a soldier to march with his regiment. Mr. Fane may perhaps have felt some incidental embarrassment from his abandonment of the political opinions which had for several generations been held by his family. There is always an awkwardness in using the opportunities furnished by rank and descent to assail hereditary doctrines. Mr. Motley bears witness to Mr. Fane's sympathy with his own patriotic zeal for the Federal cause, and in his last illness he interested himself in the progress of Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill and Mr. Forster's Bill on Primary Education. If he had lived and had entered political life, he would probably have continued at the Foreign Office the succession of Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville.

It is impossible to judge whether his literary aptitude would have enabled him in favourable circumstances to produce any considerable result. In his youth he obtained the Cambridge Chancellor's medal for a clever copy of verses on the hopeless subject of the Death of Queen Adelaide, and afterwards, like many predecessors and successors, he published a small volume of poems. "These verses," says Mr. Lytton, "are for the most part merely the melodious expression of that poetic temperament which, before circumstances have yet determined the character and object of their ambition, is the most common indication of genius in the boyhood of men of various accomplishments." A similar criticism applies to his maturer compositions, which indicate pleasure in the forms of poetry rather than poetical power. By far the best of Mr. Lytton's extracts are Mr. Fane's annual sonnets or addresses to his mother on her birthday; and the most touching of all was written on the latest anniversary which he lived to see, when his illness had long been hopeless:—

From his earliest boyhood to the latest year of his life his mother's birthday never came and went without being greeted by him with a tribute of song. Neither business nor pleasure nor extreme physical pain ever interfered with the religious regularity of these annual dedications of an affection exalted into piety by the sacred tenderness and infinite depth of its devotion.

Fane's happy and complete organization rendered him as susceptible of musical harmony as of metrical rhythm. Lady Westmorland, as she informs Mr. Lytton, fearing that her son's passion for music might interfere with his general education, allowed him no music lessons; and he never even learned the notes:—

Yet, ignorant as he was of all the rules of the art, his exquisite ear supplied the deficiency. Whilst yet a boy he once played the pianoforte parts of a new opera of Meyerbeer's which he had only heard the night before. Yet he played them so correctly that Meyerbeer, who was present, and who had not allowed any part of his score to be seen, inquired in great agitation, "Who can have given him the music?" and would not believe that he played it only from memory after once hearing.

It is not improbable that in Mr. Fane's case, as in that of others,

an imitative skill in versification may have implied the existence of a more original command of prose composition. Soon after his retirement from the diplomatic service he projected several literary works; but further progress was interrupted by domestic sorrow and failing health. He might perhaps have become eminent as a critic, for he possessed the indispensable quality of a keen appreciation of literary excellence. He understood and admired the subtle and imaginative profundity of Browning as well as the pathetic and humorous melody of Heine. The poem of "Tannhäuser," which was jointly composed by himself and by Mr. Lytton, was, as it appears, intended as a kind of verbal paraphrase of Wagner's musical version of the same legendary theme. Mr. Fane knew German almost too well to translate it, and his versions of Heine's exquisite little poems have the common defect of depending too much for their effect on a reader on a knowledge of the original. An English reader of German poetry is constantly tempted to transfer the impressions which he receives into his own kindred tongue, and, with the German cadences fresh in his recollection, he often seems to himself to have succeeded in the attempt; but, if there were no other difficulty in the process, the mere excess in syllables of the German over the corresponding English words is almost fatal to reproduction, and it is found necessary to devise the most arbitrary substitutes for the final trochees. The converse operation of translating English into German is comparatively easy, though German versions of English blank verse are generally deficient in vigour and condensation. Heine's songs and ballads scarcely admit of translation, though in some exceptional instances they have been happily rendered by Mr. Fane, by Lord Houghton, and by others.

If he had lived in health and strength thirty years longer, Julian Fane would probably have done some definite service to the world. If he can scarcely be remembered among Shelley's "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," the promise of his life was beyond the performance; and yet his short career was neither obscure nor unprofitable. With a laudable desire to prove that the brilliant subject of his biography was capable of discharging the dull duties of his profession, Mr. Lytton has republished not only his friend's translation from Heine, but a report which, as Secretary of Embassy at Vienna, he had occasion to write on Austrian commerce. It is amusing, and perhaps instructive, to find him recording that in 1864 the proposed Austrian duty on superfine thread lace was a hundred and fifty florins per center. This kind of stuff also can be manufactured when necessary by the Fanes and Lyttons, who present another aspect to the common world. Pegasus can on occasion draw a cart, nor is there any reason why the accomplished student and the ornament of society should not copy and analyse statistics as well as the most ordinary clerk. Yet it is for what he was, rather than for what he did, that Julian Fane's memory is fitly preserved. He filled with success the place which he occupied in the world, and he made many happier and some better by his presence. In consequence of the employment of his father in foreign missions, he was educated principally abroad, and he consequently enjoyed the advantage of becoming a good linguist without conscious effort. Lord Burghersh's house at Berlin was a centre of intellectual society; Humboldt, Rauch, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer were among the friends of the family, and Lady Westmorland says that "all knew and appreciated the charms, the talents, and the beauty of the dear boy who was then my pride and my joy." Julian Fane seems afterwards to have doubted whether his precocious knowledge of society had been an unmixed advantage. At the age of nineteen by his own desire he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, after reading for a year with a private tutor in England. Though he was not a candidate for University honours, he led a studious life, and he cultivated the society of his ablest and most thoughtful contemporaries. Some of them, including Sir Henry Maine, have contributed to Mr. Lytton's volume their recollections of Mr. Fane; and Mr. Vernon Harcourt, afterwards through life the nearest of his friends, has described his character with singular force and justice. During his after-life, in the best society of Europe and of England he always retained an affectionate recollection of Cambridge; and he was accustomed to say that it was only there and in London that anybody ever talked of anything worth talking about. From Cambridge he returned to Berlin, and soon afterwards he accompanied his father to Vienna as unpaid attaché and private secretary, and at a later period as first attaché of the Mission. It may easily be believed that "he was the life and soul of Viennese society, dancing at all the balls, acting in all the private theatricals, frequenting the Club," &c., yet at the same time he contrived to read hard, having early acquired the unwholesome habit of turning night into day. In 1856 Mr. Fane accompanied Lord Clarendon to Paris on his mission to the Congress which terminated the Crimean war. He there first met Mr. Lytton, who says that, "although the most brilliant representatives of European diplomacy, young and old, were present, not excepting the stately and majestic grace of Prince Orloff, I cannot remember among them all one whose appearance was so immediately or so irresistibly attractive as that of Julian Fane." His next appointment was that of Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg; and in 1858 he became Secretary of Legation, and afterwards of Embassy, at Vienna. During his second residence at Vienna Mr. Fane avoided the society of the place, living entirely with the other members of the Mission, of whom Mr. Lytton was one. The description of their walks and their dinners conveys the impression rather of collegiate than of diplomatic life, and Mr. Lytton's recollections of a pleasant time

* Julian Fane. A Memoir. By Robert Lytton. London: John Murray. 1871.

are enviably bright. He takes occasion to note one of the minor virtues of his friend's character in "the exquisitely fastidious taste which he carried into all matters connected with the cellar and the kitchen." "How pleasant they were, those merry little dinners at his home. How careful the cookery, how easy the conversation; the wine so choice and old, the wit so young and fresh, and both so unstinted." Their graver discussions suggest to Mr. Lytton the remark that Fane was not an original thinker, and he acutely infers that "this absence of all intellectual eccentricity would have greatly favoured his career had Julian Fane devoted his faculties to English public life."

In 1865 Mr. Fane was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Paris, and a year afterwards he married Lady Adine Cowper. "When afterwards his new home was blessed by the birth of a daughter, the felicity of it was such as a Greek philosopher might have well deemed dangerously great." After resigning his post at Paris, he spent the summer of 1868 at the family seat of Apethorpe, and he afterwards settled at Fotheringhay, in the same neighbourhood; but after the birth of her second child Lady Adine died, and her husband, who had never recovered her loss, followed her in 1870. During a long and painful illness, in which he could only bear the actual presence of his family, he was attended by the genuine sympathies of many friends. Lord Clarendon devoted a portion of his scanty leisure to communicating for transmission to the sick-room political and social information, in which to the last Mr. Fane took a hearty interest. Until the end was approaching, Julian Fane's life may be considered extraordinarily happy in the combination of the conditions and of the powers of enjoyment. Beloved and admired by all around him, he even enjoyed the occasional solitude to which he was never involuntarily condemned. If he cherished ambitious hopes which had not been gratified, he died before they had yet failed; and in the words of one whose nature had much in common with his own, it may be asked,

What to him avail

The chance award, the blundering praise of fame?

If an additional felicity were wanting, Julian Fane may be regarded as fortunate in the literary skill and in the affectionate good taste of his friendly biographer.

ELLIS ON ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. ELLIS, as we have already said, goes backwards, but that saying must be taken with some modifications. The first great division of his work, which forms his third chapter, is given to the pronunciation of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The fourth chapter is given to the pronunciation of the fourteenth century, especially to that of Chaucer and Gower. In the fifth he gets back to the thirteenth century, and sections are given to the pronunciation of the genuine Old-English, and of those among the cognate tongues which throw most light upon it—namely, the modern Icelandic, the Old-Norse, and the Gothic. This is essentially a reverse order, for the subject could not be properly worked out except by a reverse order, but Mr. Ellis is not so strict as to follow an absolutely reverse order within the several sections. The great difference between the materials for the first division of the subject and the earlier ones is that, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, we have a catena of professed writers of various degrees of value on the subject of pronunciation, a list of whom, with criticisms on their several writings, forms the matter of Mr. Ellis's second chapter. The first two on the list, those of Palsgrave, in 1530, and Meigret, in 1545, have the advantage of being in French, so that they teach us something of French pronunciation as well as English; and the next on the list, in 1547, is the English and Welsh Dictionary of Salesbury, which again illustrates two languages instead of one. From these the catena goes on through a crowd of writers, including such eminent names as Sir John Cheke, Sir Thomas Smith, Wallis, Wilkins, and Benjamin Franklin, till it ends in 1780 with what Mr. Ellis calls "the first of the modern army of pronouncing dictionaries," the work of Thomas Sheridan, the father of the more famous Richard Brinsley. For earlier times there are of course no such helps as these; in his elaborate investigation of Chaucer Mr. Ellis has to trust mainly to internal evidence, especially to that of the rhymes. But late in the twelfth century Mr. Ellis and other reformers of spelling had a direct forerunner in the person of Ormin, the author of the *Orminulum*, who deliberately spelled according to a theory of his own, doubling the consonant wherever it followed a short vowel. And earlier still, probably in the tenth century, Mr. Ellis has had the help of a document of surpassing value, which we fear has been neglected ever since the days of Hickes—he at least never neglected anything. This is a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, in which we have large portions of the Old Testament in the Septuagint version of the Greek, but written in Western letters. The unlucky thing is that, while Mr. Ellis looks on it as English, Mr. Haddan has quoted it as Welsh. It is equally valuable either way, though the way in which its value is to be applied will differ somewhat according to its nationality. We

are not sure that Mr. Ellis himself fully appreciates the extraordinary value of such a document as this. Just at the present moment it is specially opportune, for it proves as much about Greek as it does about English or Welsh, and it is more valuable than Liudprand by reason of there being so much more of it. These chapters form the substance of Mr. Ellis's work, so far as he has carried it at present. The first is introductory; the sixth contains a sort of summary and recapitulation, and a defence of some of Mr. Ellis's peculiar theories about the reform of spelling.

It is of course impossible to go through the whole results of so elaborate an inquiry as that of Mr. Ellis, but we must notice a few points here and there. We should like to have drawn up little histories of the letters *a*, *e*, and *i*, which we Englishmen in most words sound in so astounding a fashion. But we are somewhat daunted by the awful look of Mr. Ellis's palæotype, and though we take in many of his distinctions, there are others which we must confess that our ears are too dull to appreciate. But it is plain that, when Palsgrave wrote in 1530, the long English *a* did not greatly differ from the French. But it appears from Cooper, in 1685, that in his time *a* had begun to be pronounced in some words as we now sound it in *name*, but that this pronunciation had not yet found its way into the English pronunciation of Latin. The change, when it once began, seems to have been speedy, and by the middle of the eighteenth century the genuine long sound of the letter was, as now, retained only in a few exceptional words like *father*. Mr. Ellis's evidence for the fact seems complete, but he does not seem to be able to give us any account of the reason of the change—a change so complete that it is dialectically carried even further than it is in polite speech. For we suppose that there is now no Englishman who sounds *name* as a Frenchman would, though there certainly are many Englishmen who say *fayther* for *father*. But Mr. Ellis quotes an instance of the same change having appeared in French in the fifteenth century, though it has since gone out of use. "Les dames de Paris, au lieu de *a*, prononcent *e* bien souvent, quant elles disent 'Mon mery est à la porte de Paris où il se faiet peier' . . . telle manière de parler vient d'accoutement de jeunesse."

When we have traced *a* back to the sixteenth century, we need not go back any further; but *u* has a much longer history. Long *u*, according to Mr. Ellis, was at first sounded like modern *oo*, the Old-English *his*, *it*, being sounded *hooose*, *oot*, as they still are in Northern English. This lasted till about 1300, when *u* began to take the sound of French *u* or German *ü*—we cannot undertake to go into Mr. Ellis's minuter distinctions—the former sound of *u* being now expressed by *ou* or *ow*. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the present diphthongal sound of *u* (like the pronoun *you*) first crept in and gradually turned out *ü*. As we all know, *ü* is now one of the sounds which educated Englishmen find hard to pronounce, yet it lives in full force in both Eastern and Western England. We remember once going into Devonshire when fresh from a continental journey, and having to ask the way to a house which bore the name of *Belle Vue*. In condescension, as we thought, to English ears, we sounded it, English fashion, *Bell View*. But the Devonian ear was more accurate, and we were at once asked, with the true utterance of the vowel, whether it was "the *Bell Vü* place" that we wanted. Lord Strangford used always to hold that exactly the same stages had taken place with the Greek *υ*; originally *oo*, it became *ü*—its true classical sound—and it has now sunk into *i*. The short *u* was, up to the middle of the seventeenth century, sounded in all English words as it still is in a great many, especially before *l*, as in *bull*, *pull*, *full*. But in the mass of words it has been displaced by the sound which we use in *but*, *cut*—a sound the exact likeness of which is, we believe, found in no Continental European language, and which foreigners find it very hard to utter. It seems, however, to be the same as the Welsh *y*. The "Brutes," as one of Mr. Ellis's authorities irreverently calls the true Britons, now sound their *u* like our short *i*; but this is doubtless a corruption of *ü*.

This question of the sound of *u* leads us straight to the remarkable document of which we have already spoken, in which Greek is expressed in English or Welsh writing of the tenth century. As in Liudprand, *v* and *i* are carefully distinguished; one is *y*; the other is *i*. This is the sort of evidence which cuts two ways. Greek *υ* was different from Greek *i*, and our writer's English (or Welsh) *y* was different from his *i*. But Greek *υ* and his *y* were the same. What then could they be but *ü*? But his *i* answers also to Greek *υ*, and sometimes to Greek *η*, which last however is sometimes expressed by *e*. Liudprand, we think, always expresses *η* by *i*. This may be taken as showing that the *η* was still fluctuating between the sounds of *ayta* and *eeta*, and, if the writing be English, it also shows that English *i* was *ee*, not like *eye* = *oculus*. But the expression of *α* by *y* is the most remarkable thing of all. Liudprand writes *icon* for *ίκον*, but the transcriber expresses *αἰς ἑπιοῖς* by *tys thierys*. Greek *α* then must to his ear have been *ü*, or something to which the sound of *ü* was the nearest which he had the means of expressing. But *α* could not have always been exactly the same as *υ*, or the Romans would not have so carefully expressed *α* by *oe* and *u* by *y*. The most obvious conjecture is that *α* was first *ö*; that from *ö* it changed into *ü*, and thence into its modern sound of English *ee*. As the English or Welsh writer expressed it by *y* and Liudprand by *i*, we may suppose that in the tenth century the second change was happening. We may say the same of *v*, for though Liudprand commonly distinguishes *v* and *i*, he once writes *ακρυος* for *ακρυος*. On the whole the writer of this manuscript is far more careful than Liudprand; nor is this at all wonderful. His knowledge of Greek must have been purely

* On Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer, &c. &c. By Alexander J. Ellis, F.R.S., &c. &c. Parts I., II. London: Published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner & Co. 1867-1869.

literary. And an Englishman, and yet more a Welshman, who understood Greek in the tenth century must have been a scholar of most unusual attainments. He was therefore likely to be a man of unusual intellectual energy, one who would go as carefully and thoroughly into any matter as his means allowed him. But Liudprand's Greek was plainly such colloquial Greek as he had picked up at the Byzantine court. A Byzantine scholar, and probably our Western scholar too, would have laughed at his Greek spelling, which to the eye is of the wildest, while to the ear it always gives the sound which is wanted according to the Romanic system. Of course at this distance of time his bad spelling is his chief merit; nothing else could tell us in so lively a way what sounds were open to be confounded with one another.

As far as concerns the vowel sounds of which we have thus far spoken, the evidence of this manuscript is much the same whether we look on it as English or Welsh. The only point of difficulty would seem to be as to the *v* and *y*. It is hardly possible that the writer could have sounded Greek *v* like modern Welsh *y*, that is, like English *u* in *duck*. If then the document be Welsh, it would prove a change in the sound of Welsh *y*; but, if so, it is not clear what change, as Welsh *u* and Welsh *y* could hardly have been the same. But on another point it is a matter of serious importance whether the document be Welsh or English. We mean as to the light which it throws on the history of the letter *c*. The transcriber uses *c* to express *z* before *e* and *i*, no less than before *a* and *o*. Liudprand, it may be remembered, uses *c* before other vowels and *k* before *e* and *i*. By Liudprand *kai* is written *ke*; in this version it is *ee*. That is to say, in Liudprand's pronunciation of Latin *c* before *e* and *o* was already softened—whether as *s*, *sch*, or *ts* we cannot say; in the transcriber's pronunciation of his own tongue the *c* was always hard. The writers of Domesday, who wrote *Chent* and *Berchelai*, would certainly have expressed *kai* by *che*. If the document be Welsh, this is only what we should expect, as in Welsh the *c* has kept its hard sound to this day. But, if it be English, it is of the highest importance, as it would prove that in the tenth century English *c* was still always hard, and had not become, as in the end it did become *sch*. We will not decide between Mr. Haddan and Mr. Ellis as to the date or origin of a manuscript; but we should like to see the matter thoroughly worked out, that we may know exactly what this most important document proves and what it does not prove.

Alongside of transcripts of this kind, of Greek into Western letters, Mr. Ellis quotes several documents of the sixth and seventh centuries in which Latin is expressed in Greek letters. There is no case of simple *v* answering to any Latin vowel, but *v* is used as a sort of consonant to express *v* and even *b*. Thus we get *vidi* for *vidi*, and even *σοφιστην* for *subscribente*, and *Ravennate*, *Ravennatem*, are expressed by *Ραβεννατην* as well as *Ραβεννατην*. It is strange to see *ecclesia* turned into *εκλησια*, as if the writer of the Greek did not know what the word was. But these transcriptions were clearly done by very unpractised and illiterate hands, and cannot be trusted in the same way even as Liudprand, much less as the unknown English or Welsh scholar.

On one point we must have a little dispute with Mr. Ellis. "The digraphs *ea, eo*," he says, "could hardly have been (Ja, JO) [the *j* is to be sounded German fashion] as Rask supposes, being mislaid apparently by modern Scandinavian usage." He goes on to say that the only words whose modern English sound gives any help to Rask's view are *York* (*Eoferwic*), *ale*, dialectically *yale* (*eal*), *yon*, *yond*, *yonder* (and also *geond*), *you* (*cow*), *eve* (*eouu*). "The Icelandic *Jarl*," he adds, "which many persons rely upon for proving that Anglo-Saxon *eorl* must have been (Jorl), was perhaps a derivative of *ar* the hearth, and was anciently applied to an upper domestic, whereas the Anglo-Saxon word was probably connected with the Old-Saxon *erl*, constantly used for *male, man*." Be the derivation what it may, it is quite certain that in the tenth and eleventh centuries Danish *Jarl* and English *Eorl* replaced one another in sense and seemingly in sound. Nor does *Jarl* stand alone. Names like *Eadmund* were by the Danes written *Jatmund*, and traces of the *y* or German *j* sound in modern English are far wider than Mr. Ellis seems to think. Besides the Northern pronunciation of *Earl* as *Yerl*, which might come straight from *Jarl*, we have *Yedward* and *Yorick* (*Eorick*) in Shakespeare, *Yardley* in Worcestershire for *Eardleah* as well as *Gyrledeh*, and the rivers called *Yeo* are surely *Ed*. Besides these, the commonest pronunciation, vulgar, local, dialectal, or whatever we please to call it, of *ea*, whether in the beginning or middle of a word, is still essentially *ja*, not only in *ale* but in words generally. We spell *gate*; but the oldest spelling *geat* exactly represents the rustic pronunciation wherever it has not taken the other form of *yett*. The untutored Englishman keeps this old sound of *ea* in countless words where polite utterance has dropped it, and he even brings it into words of quite different origin where it is not needed, as *measter*—not *meester* but *myaster*—for *master*. Again as the initial *ge* sank into *y* (as *gear*, *year*, *geong*, *young*) it often came to be written *i*, as *ung*, *ioc* (*yoke*). But when *i* had become established in this use, we find it also used for *e*, as *ie* for *ed*, *iob* for *eab*, *iewian* for *eovian*, *ioed* for *eored*, even *ield* for *eald*, *old*. Surely the initial *e*, *i*, and the softened *ge* were felt to be all the same thing, that is modern English *y* or German *j*.

As a rule, when we do not, as we sometimes do not, appreciate all Mr. Ellis's distinctions, it is no doubt because his ear is, as might be expected, much finer than ours. In one case we claim to have the advantage. If we rightly understand Mr. Ellis, he professes not to catch any difference between the sound of *land*

and of *lord*. Mr. Ellis is not singular in so thinking; yet to our ears the two sounds seem so distinct that we would rather suppose that we had misunderstood his meaning. Still, as we said before, no two people either pronounce or hear exactly alike.

We could wish that Mr. Ellis had used throughout some of those simpler modes of notation which he, after all, shows that he does not altogether despise. Still the book is a masterpiece of its own kind, and we shall be glad to welcome the part which has not yet reached us.

OLD MARGARET.*

AFTER reading Mr. Henry Kingsley's last performance, we must confess at once that our chief feeling is one of sheer bewilderment. We cannot make out, with any satisfaction to ourselves, what was the end he proposed to himself in writing it; and we are therefore rather at a loss to say how far he has succeeded. Mr. Kingsley has certain merits and faults which are pretty well known to steady novel-readers. It would of course be out of the question to place him amongst the best masters of the craft, but he has, what is rare amongst inferior performers, a certain original vein of humour and descriptive talent. There are fragments in most of his novels which are really meritorious; and we confess that, though our severer judgment sometimes indicts upon us a twinge or two for our lenity, we can read them with a good deal more amusement than some writers who have weightier claims upon our attention. He has, however, an unfortunate desire to be rather cleverer than comes quite natural to him. He is full of little sententious aphorisms and queer eccentric theories which perhaps impose upon us for the moment, but which will hardly bear inspection. He has a trick of suddenly deserting his duties as a novelist and coming off the stage, as it were, to assure us in his own character that his actors are really the noblest specimens of humanity ever encountered upon this earth. His mannerism, which is amusing at first, becomes rather tiresome after a time by the impression which it produces of an incessant restlessness and desire to shine. In the story now before us Mr. Kingsley's oddity is greater than usual. For some reason best known to himself, he has chosen to indulge in an historical novel. We imagine that a searching criticism would reveal certain inaccuracies of costume and manners which, if we regarded him from the historical point of view, it would be our duty to expose. Certainly he has that ambition which generally haunts historical novelists, even of greater pretensions, to make the best use of certain pieces of information, not of a very recondite kind, of which he happens to be in possession. Mr. Kingsley is aware, for example, that people who lived in Ghent in the beginning of the fifteenth century dressed in much more gorgeous apparel than is now permitted to the male sex; and he is therefore extremely anxious, whenever he can get half-a-dozen of his characters crowded together, to dilate upon the wonderful crimsons and purples and greys of their clothes. He has also found out, in the course of his historical researches, that at that period people were in the habit of going to bed in a state of total nudity. After insisting upon this at great length in describing the retirement of one of his chief performers, and making it superfluously evident that he had not a single scrap upon his body, Mr. Kingsley takes two or three more opportunities to impart to us the same piece of information, without the smallest indication of his ever having communicated it before. Almost at the conclusion of the novel we are told that a young man "went naked into his bed-place (they slept so then)," just as if it were a totally new and surprising circumstance, and his hero had not been elaborately stripped through several pages in the first volume. But this quaint anxiety to air his antiquarian knowledge is comparatively harmless. He tells us at the opening of his narrative that he intends to make his characters "speak as they would now, and act as they do now and did then." This is a summary mode of avoiding all difficulties about proper keeping and local colouring which must be admitted to have its advantages. We get rid at once of all the troublesome "gramercy" and "by'r lady" style of conversation; and if anachronisms appear to us to occur at times, we have fair notice that they occur on principle. After all, there is something to be said for this mode of proceeding. When Shakespeare wrote about the times of Julius Caesar or King John, he did not bother himself to make his personages keep too strictly to the style of thought and language which they must have used in real life. The histories merely supplied a plot for bringing together in interesting positions people who were substantially reproductions of his own contemporaries; and perhaps we have not gained very much by the modern pedantic fidelity, which, after all, is an attempt to do what is really beyond the bounds of human imagination. We will at any rate not complain that when Mr. Kingsley professes to be talking about Flemish artisans, and priests, and politicians, and painters, in the year 1400, he is really thinking of Mr. Odger, or Mr. Gladstone, or the present Bishop of Winchester. We do not mean to say that those particular gentlemen play a part in his story, but that they would certainly find themselves less out of their element amongst his actors than the persons who are assumed to have stood for their portraits. Only we confess that we are rather inclined to ask why, as Mr. Kingsley is really describing modern people, he should not have allowed them to appear in modern costume?

* *Old Margaret*. By Henry Kingsley. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1871.

The story itself presents us with a variety of puzzles to which it might perhaps be possible to find a satisfactory answer. If so, we either do not possess the requisite ingenuity, or we have not applied the necessary amount of labour. In a general way we have a dim impression that a number of persons are carrying out a variety of intrigues, which, so Mr. Kingsley assures us, and he certainly ought to know, display extraordinary diplomatic skill. They centre round a certain Van Dysart, a magnificent specimen of the aristocrat, who deserts his order to curry favour with the people, and is a reckless profligate and blackguard. He begins by killing a man in a duel, his victim being the accepted lover of the great female painter, Margaret Van Eyck. Thereupon a great number of people vow his destruction. Margaret Van Eyck—and we suppose by the way, though we don't feel certain, that the novel is called *Old Margaret* in reference to her—naturally wishes for vengeance. She persuades a half-mad nun, one Sister Priscilla, to help her, and Sister Priscilla enlists a mysterious Father Peter, who seems to be an idiot, to join in the scheme. Then a distinguished politician, one Van Kening, and the Duke Philip the Good, and a ferocious Italian bully called Count Spada, and a virtuous Archbishop, and sundry other people, all vow vengeance. They move up and down in Ghent, talking about it, holding mysterious conferences in dark corners of streets, taking boats by night at low public-houses, and promising the boatman death if he reveals the fact; carrying on dark intrigues with the leaders of the populace, proposing to call in bodies of mercenaries from distant villages, and generally comporting themselves after the fashion of secret conspirators. Why they don't go to work by simply cutting the gentleman's throat, except that by so doing they would end the story, is a mystery which we have not succeeded in penetrating. Only when the coarse ruffian proposes that obvious expedient, an intelligent person always checks him by a sententious remark, and he confesses that he is a fool for his precipitation. We, the bystanders, don't see it, but we have no doubt it is all right; as we also presume it to be all right when Miss Margaret comes to the conclusion that, after all, the killer of her lover had better be saved, and the whole party straightway, with the exception of the Duke, set about elaborately plotting his escape. The most unaccountable thing of all is the sudden transference at the end of the story from Ghent to a remote Highland glen, where to our extreme surprise the Italian bully also turns up in a promiscuous way, and where the hero is ultimately killed in a fight with the Campbells. All the actors in this eccentric story are constantly shaking their heads at each other with an air of supernatural wisdom, and have fully succeeded in imposing upon Mr. Kingsley; but we humbly confess that we reach the end of the narrative in that state of pure bewilderment with which a Frenchman might watch the development of a complicated melodrama on the English stage, if he did not know the language. He would understand possibly that some very reprehensible practices were going on, and that men in dark lanterns and shrouded in mysterious cloaks were constantly crossing the stage, and muttering to each other and overhearing conversations; that every now and then there was a fight, and an escape, or a rush of a disorderly mob; but what the people were about, and why they went through all these manoeuvres, would be a totally insoluble problem.

The characters, so far as we are allowed to make their acquaintance, are equally queer. We may take, for example, the bull-necked Italian mercenary who is introduced to us as the best swordsman and the most accomplished gambler in Europe, and who always announces himself to be a finished scoundrel. Indeed he confesses his villany with an amiable frankness in which Mr. Kingsley takes particular pleasure. He tells everybody that he is a hopeless, irredeemable scoundrel. But his conduct is practically of the most generous and honourable kind. He is hired, indeed, to get rid of the other scoundrel, Van Dysart; but he becomes warmly attached to him, puts his own life in the utmost jeopardy to save him, to say nothing of talking in the most edifying way about heaven and his sainted mother to Miss Van Eyck. The fact is, Mr. Kingsley is so fond of surprising us that, after elaborately describing a ruffian, he cannot help making him act like a saint, and rides to death the ordinary device of showing the good feelings which may lurk at the bottom of a villainous bosom. That is an excellent dramatic device when it is skilfully carried out; but when carried to excess, as in this instance, we are rather surprised to find that the villainous bosom aforesaid is crammed so full of good and generous feelings that there is no room for the villany.

The truth of the matter appears to be that Mr. Kingsley, being on the look-out for a good scene for a good novel, happened to come across the great picture of the "Adoration of the Lamb." He thought that by taking for his actors the artist who painted it and the originals of some of the figures represented, he would have the raw materials for an excellent historical novel. Unluckily he was not very well up in the history, so he made his people use modern language and behave themselves, if we except a certain disposition to commit murders and fight duels, pretty much as modern Englishmen might do. So far we have no particular complaint to make. But then he would not give himself the trouble to work out a coherent story. He assumed that it was enough to set a few characters to work in a town with a disorderly populace and a tyrannical ruler for something or other to turn up. He trusted to good luck for something which should at any rate have the external semblance of a plot; and the consequence is a series of scenes which bear to those of a well-ordered nar-

ative the same sort of relation that the figures in a kaleidoscope do to a picture. He shakes up all the elements which might with proper care form a rational novel, and they result in a series of grotesque and unintelligible complications. There are a good many clever touches, some really humorous remarks and quaint descriptions; and people who are not disposed to be exacting in regard to design and harmony in a story may extract a good deal of amusement out of *Old Margaret*. To them we commend it; and we admit to a faint impression that perhaps Mr. Kingsley is laughing at us all the time, and will wonder that we have been simple enough to take his historical romance seriously. Accepting it as a caricature, we are willing to be amused; but we would rather see him engaged on a more rational description of matters with which he is more familiar.

THE REVISED EDITION OF THE STATUTES—VOL. II.*

THE republication of the Statutes is at length advancing with tolerable rapidity. It is not more than six months since we noticed the appearance of the first volume, comprising all Acts passed from the reign of Henry III. to that of James II. which are still in force. The second volume, now before us, carries us from the first year of William and Mary to the tenth of George III. As we have before remarked, it was not to be expected that the living enactments of later centuries would pack as closely as what remains of the legislation of the Plantagenets and Tudors. The early Acts of Parliament are few and brief compared with those passed since the Revolution; and being naturally more applicable to a feudal than to a commercial age, they have also been repealed to a much greater extent than those of subsequent dates. Although, therefore, the first volume presented us with all that remains effective of the labours of Parliament during four centuries and a-half, we are not at all surprised to find that the volume just published is occupied with the results of the legislation of only eighty years. From the point now reached, the year 1770, we should conjecture that three or four more volumes would bring us to the commencement of the present reign; and we have little doubt that the thirty-five volumes of Victorian Statutes might be represented by a third of that number in the revised series. Even supposing that this estimate is exceeded, and that the new series, when complete, should extend to, say, twenty volumes, it will be a vast boon that a work should be in existence, even of that magnitude, presenting authentically every scrap of Statute law still in force, and provided with an officially accurate apparatus of tables and indices.

How great the improvement will be is obvious of course only to those who know what is the state of things which it will supersede. It may, therefore, not be superfluous to repeat, for the benefit of the non-professional reader, that a complete set of the Statutes now occupies considerably more than a hundred volumes; that it is impossible on opening any given volume to discover whether or not any Act there printed is still in force; and that, till the appearance of the table published in connexion with the revised series, no authoritative list of repealed Acts was anywhere to be found. It was to remedy this confusion that for some time past, but especially during the last eleven years, the Statute Book has been subjected to a careful "expurgation," which is now bearing its fruits in the work before us. The expurgatory process consisted of a careful survey of the whole enormous series of Acts, from the remotest epoch, with a view to the formation of registers of all such as had been repealed, and other registers of such as, being spent, or otherwise inoperative, were fit to be expressly repealed. The series was divided for the purposes of this survey into three periods—namely, from Henry III. to James II.; thence to 10 George III.; and thence to the seventeenth year of Victoria. The obsolete enactments of each period were repealed *en masse* by the Expurgation Acts of 1861, 1863, and 1867, respectively, and by some subsidiary Acts of a like nature; and the great reduction in the bulk of the active Statute law thus effected made it possible for the Committee presided over by Sir John Shaw Lefevre to publish, at the close of last year, the first volume of the long-promised authoritative edition of the Statutes in force at the present time. This contained the still valid Acts of the first of the above-mentioned periods. The volume now before us contains the Acts of the second period. Those of the third period, and those subsequent to it, are not so easily comprehensible.

The second volume, as might readily be imagined, lacks the dramatic interest of the first. After Runnymede and the Wars of the Roses, the great Rebellion and the Restoration, we are apt to find the succession of the Princess Sophia and the development of the National Debt comparatively unexciting topics. We have, in fact, arrived at the plain prose of modern history, which, however, has of course abundant interest of its own. The earlier Acts of the volume just published depict the close of the long struggle between Parliament and the Royal Prerogative. Almost every word of the great Bill of Rights is now in force, as is the Act establishing the Coronation Oath. The "Act for the Further Limitation of the Crown, and Better Securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subject," 12 and 13 W. III. c. 2,

* The Statutes. Revised Edition. Vol. II. William and Mary to 10 George III., A.D. 1688-1770. By Authority. London: Printed by George Edward Eyre & William Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty. 1871.

rendered necessary by the death of "the most hopeful Prince William, Duke of Gloucester," is still law, with the exception of three or four clauses, which are, however, of considerable importance. Thus the prohibition to the Sovereign to leave the realm without consent of Parliament was repealed in favour of George I.; and the attempt to resuscitate the activity of the Privy Council, in opposition to the encroachments of the Cabinet, was abandoned in the reign of Anne; as was also the sweeping provision that "no person who has an office or place of profit under the King, or receives a pension from the Crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons." The tenure of office by the Judges *quamdiu se bene gesserint*, subject to an address of both Houses of Parliament, although it has been attributed to a later time, dates in reality from this memorable Statute. Another constitutional landmark is the Toleration Act, 1 W. and M. c. 18, "for exempting their Majesty's Protestant subjects dissenting from the Church of England from the penalties of certain laws." The appointment of Commissioners of the Great Seal, and for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, is authorised by Acts of the same reigns. The 7 and 8 W. III. c. 3 is an important contribution to the law of treason. The 1 Geo. I. st. 2, c. 5, is the well-known Riot Act, by which it is made felony without benefit of clergy for more than twelve persons riotously and tumultuously to continue together by the space of one hour after a justice of the peace has openly and with a loud voice, "among them or as near as he can safely come," made proclamation to them to disperse. Septennial Parliaments are derived from the 1 Geo. I. st. 2, c. 38, which was passed in 1716, and recites, among other reasons for changing the then existing law, that "the said provision, if it should continue, may probably, at this juncture, when a restless and Popish faction are designing and endeavouring to renew the rebellion within this kingdom, and an invasion from abroad, be destructive to the peace and security of the Government." The number of enactments in the present volume relating to the privileges, qualifications, and mode of election of members of Parliament is very large. The way in which they are scattered up and down is, no doubt, of considerable historical interest; but one longs not the less to sweep them together into one coherent chapter of the law of elections. Of these the 6 Anne c. 41, which vacates the seat of a member taking office, is probably the best known. 24 Geo. II. c. 23 establishes the Gregorian Calendar, and exhibits in its schedules those formidable lists of Church festivals and tables for calculating Easter by finding the Golden Number which occupy many of the opening pages of our Prayer-book. The 6 Anne c. 11, by which the Union with Scotland was effected, is of very moderate length for a measure of such importance. Thenceforth we find a pedantically scrupulous employment of the phrase "that part of Great Britain called Scotland"; indeed, we also read of "that part of Great Britain called England." Of the Scotch Acts of the period, which are not very numerous, we may mention 1 Geo. II. st. 2, c. 54, which, after reciting that "the prevailing custom of convoking numbers of His Majesty's subjects together to perform divers services arbitrary and oppressive . . . is contrary to the nature of good government, destructive of the liberties of free people, inconsistent with the obedience and allegiance due to His Majesty and Government, as well as the greatest obstruction to the improvement of trade, husbandry, and manufactures, and was one of the greatest means of raising and carrying on the late unhappy rebellion," proceeds to commute such personal attendance for a money payment; and the 20 Geo. II. c. 50, "for taking away the tenure of Ward holding in Scotland, and converting the same into Blanch and Feu holdings." Considerably longer than the Act of Union is the 5 Geo. III. c. 26, by which the Isle of Man is united to the Crown of England, in consideration of 70,000*l.* paid to the Duke of Athol.

The rise of many institutions as familiar, if not quite so important, as these great constitutional and political events may be traced in the Statutes of this period. Under William and Mary, and William, we find the Acts which established the Bank of England, Greenwich Hospital, the East India Company, and the British Museum; under Anne, those which originated Queen Anne's Bounty and the General Post Office. The National Debt, quite insignificant before the Revolution, was during the eighteenth century the subject of a long series of provisions which fortunately came under the operation of a wholesale repealing Act of last Session, just in time to allow of their omission from this volume. Their titles may be seen in the prefixed chronological table, where alone will also be found any trace of the first imposition of the Land-tax, and of the last interference with the liberty of the press.

Turning next to enactments affecting more directly the rights of individuals, we find ourselves among a very modern list of topics. The 2 W. and M. c. 5 for the first time allows goods taken under a distress to be sold, instead of being merely held as security. 9 Wm. III. c. 15 gives binding force to the decisions of arbitrators, by making them rules of Court, and c. 17 of the same year provides for the Protest of Bills of Exchange. The 2 and 3 Anne c. 2 recites that "the West Riding of the county of York is the principal place in the North for the cloth manufacture, and most of the traders therein are freeholders, and have frequent occasions to borrow money upon their estates for managing their said trade, but for want of a register find it difficult to give security to the satisfaction of the money-lenders," and accordingly establishes a Registry of Deeds and Wills for

the West Riding; a benefit shortly afterwards extended to the rest of Yorkshire and to Middlesex. The 3 and 4 Anne c. 8 is the Act which makes promissory notes assignable like bills of exchange. The 7 Anne c. 12, after stating that several turbulent and disorderly persons had, "in a most outrageous manner insulted the person of his Excellency Andrew Artemonowitz Matueof, Ambassador Extraordinary of his Czarish Majesty, Emperor of Great Russia, her Majesties good friend and ally, by taking him by violence out of his coach in the public street and detaining him in custody for several hours, contrary to the law of nations," proceeds to make void all process against ambassadors or their servants.

The reign of George I. is singularly barren in legislation of this kind; but that of his successor established many important rules. The plea of "set off," for instance, was introduced by 2 Geo. II. c. 22; the authority of decrees of the Master of the Rolls was established by 3 Geo. II. c. 30; and by 4 Geo. II. c. 26 all pleadings and proceedings in Court were ordered to be thenceforth in the English language. The interests of landlords were guarded by 4 Geo. II. c. 28, which makes a tenant holding over after the expiration of his tenancy liable for double rent, and by 11 Geo. II. c. 19, giving the landlord the right to follow the tenant's goods if fraudulently removed. Literary copyright received its first statutory recognition from 8 Anne c. 19, which, having been repealed, does not appear in this volume; but copyright in prints still rests upon 8 Geo. II. c. 13, which informs us that "divers persons have by their own genius, industry, pains and expence invented and engraved, or worked in mezzo tinto or chiaro oscuro, sets of historical and other prints, in hopes to have reaped the sole benefit of their labours," but that "printsellers and other persons have of late, without the consent of the inventors, designers, and proprietors of such prints, frequently taken the liberty of copying, engraving, and publishing, or causing to be copied, engraved, and published, base copies of such works, designs and prints." The ninth year of this king is marked by what is commonly called the Statute of Mortmain, passed to prevent the "publick mischief which has of late greatly increased by many large and improvident alienations or dispositions made by languishing or dying persons, to uses called charitable uses, to take place after their deaths, to the disherison of their lawful heirs," and by an Act for putting a stop to proceedings against any person for witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration, but providing for the punishment of any pretences to such arts. The rule against insurance, "interest or no interest," rests upon 19 Geo. II. c. 37. The elaborate superscription which may have been noticed over places licensed for public entertainments is accounted for by 25 Geo. II. c. 36, which, reciting that "the multitude of places of entertainment for the lower sort of people is another great cause of thefts and robberies, as they are thereby tempted to spend their small substance in riotous pleasure, and in consequence are put in unlawful methods of supplying their wants and renewing their pleasures," goes on to enact amongst other things that the well-known inscription, "in large capital letters," shall be "affixed and kept up in some notorious place over the door or entrance of every such house, room, garden, or other place kept for any of the said purposes." The 29 Geo. II. c. 36 is the first of a long series of Inclosure Acts which led up to the appointment of the Inclosure Commissioners in the present reign. It recites that the improvement of wastes, woods, and pastures provided for in the older Statutes has been in many cases rendered ineffectual by the contradiction and dissent of a few persons having right of common, who, under pretence that sufficient pasture is not reserved to them, disturb the lords in the possession of the ground approved; and that for want of a proper supply of timber of the growth of this kingdom a great quantity of foreign timber is necessarily used for building ships and houses, while many tracts of waste land may be conveniently enclosed for the growth of timber and underwood, and such enclosure will be of benefit to the commoners as well as to the owner, and also will be of public utility.

Of the still valid Acts of the first ten years of George III. attention need only be called to chapter 25 of the sixth year of the reign, "for the better regulating apprentices and persons working under contract," the operation upon which, by the 30 and 31 Vict. c. 141, is passed over unnoticed by the editors; and to the sixteenth chapter of the ninth year, which derogates from the maxim *nullum tempus occurrit regi* by fixing a limitation of sixty years within which the Crown must bring suits for the recovery of real estate.

With these Acts of George III. there begins a perceptible deterioration in the style in which the Statutes are drawn. They already exhibit that unnecessary repetition of merely formal parts and that redundancy of nearly synonymous phrases which have become inseparably associated with the popular idea of an Act of Parliament. Within the last few years a much simpler style of drafting has indeed been noticeable in Government Bills, but the advantage has been in many cases somewhat dearly purchased by a constant recourse to "interpretation clauses"; an expedient which amounts in effect to providing each Act with a special technical vocabulary of its own.

The second volume of the *Statutes Revised* equals its predecessor in typographical beauty—which is saying a great deal. A division of labour in connexion with the undertaking having been found necessary, Mr. Wood continues the task of expurgation, and Mr. Rickards is editor-in-chief of the new edition. We look forward with great interest to the completion of a work which, so far as it

goes, is thoroughly solid and satisfactory, and, of the many legal reforms lately proposed, is the only one which has got beyond the stage of being talked about.

HOURS OF SCRAMBLING EXERCISE—TYNDALL AND WHYMPER.*

THE irreverence of the above title is forced upon us. At one and the same moment one publishing house brings out an Alpine book, with green cover and sensational pictures, by Professor Tyndall, and another publishes a bigger and, if possible, greener book, also Alpine and also pictorially sensational, by Mr. Edward Whymper. The one is called "Hours of Exercise," and the other simply "Scrambles," in the Alps. Our great climbers are really getting modest. Fifty years ago it would have been "Hairbreadth Escapes" by the one, and "A Thrilling Narrative of Adventure" by the other. For some reason or other it is becoming the fashion to represent one's own performances in the gross with a tone of gentle disparagement, which may perhaps indicate simply a reaction against the startling generalizations of our forefathers, but has also a faint tinge of classic irony not altogether disagreeable. So long as people do not talk of Strolls on the Matterhorn, or Lounges along the High Level, there is not much to complain of. These titles, however, being what we have said, we have ventured to combine them. After all, Professor Tyndall is not likely to deny that he scrambled, and Mr. Whymper will surely confess to having had some moderate exercise.

The only objection that can be brought against Professor Tyndall's book is that it goes back rather far. Unless with the idea of making a complete history of the art of climbing, it was hardly necessary to fall back upon the early ascents on the Matterhorn, and the story of Bennen's death—tales which are now pretty well known. On the other hand, there is a certain completeness in the Professor's own work which we might be sorry to miss. It is Professor Tyndall who, more than any one else, has given the tone to modern Alpine adventure. Strange as the assertion may seem, and much as our younger readers may hate us for making it, the real father of mountaineering is Albert Smith. The great Englishman of Chamounix was not much of an explorer, and was, if we are credibly informed, short-winded to the last degree. But he distinctly did, as an historical fact, start the habit of going up snow mountains. It was taken up at first by a very select few; and for three or four years the Alps, as a region of adventure, were in the hands of a set of young Cambridge men, who gave in the first place a somewhat educated colouring to the work and its history, and in the second place added an air of joyousness, fun, and intense youthfulness to their ascents, which has happily not quite disappeared yet, and of which, as well as of their extraordinary energy, Mr. Leslie Stephen is, as we said a few weeks back, one of the best surviving representatives. It was reserved for Professor Tyndall to add some fresh touches of his own to the canvas. In the first place he made popular the scientific side of mountain phenomena. Previous writers on glaciers and moraines, on erosive action and continuous denudation, had done good work both in observing and in speculating on their observations, but it was only a limited circle that they addressed. Forbes and Agassiz, and even Ramsay, spoke but to a few learned men. Professor Tyndall has taught thousands to keep their eyes open on a glacier. Nor is it only in pure science that he has modified the thoughts with which our own generation has set about its work in Switzerland. Whatever we may think of the intrinsic value of the many episodes which the Professor introduces so freely into his narratives—at one time a metaphysical suggestion, at another a scrap of romance, now a touch of physics, now a passing thought on theology—no one can deny that his method has taken a powerful hold on the popular fancy. That a gentleman should go up Monte Rosa all by himself in his shirt-sleeves marked him simply as physically strong in the legs, and bold and experienced as a mountaineer. But that he should go thinking all over the mountain about the ultimate quiescence of the universe, about eyesight and miracles, about the roisness of landscapes, about prayer, about bubbles, about the nebular hypothesis, was a thing so far unique, and decidedly striking. It gave some degree of intellectual tone even to the more trifling literature of the Alps, and went a long way towards elevating mountaineering, in the minds of its more enthusiastic devotees, from a profession into a faith. It is needless to say that Professor Tyndall is quite himself in the "Hours of Exercise." The book consists of a series of articles, partly reprints, partly new, on mountaineering; and some chapters on ice and kindred scientific topics conclude it, if indeed the story of a voyage to Algeria can be called a topic akin to ice. The narratives are well told, as mere narratives, and the account of the climbing is written in a manly and agreeable way, while here and there we have the semi-scientific, semi-romantic suggestions the piquancy of which we partly enjoy and partly smile at ourselves for enjoying. And the Professor has added a preface apparently with the characteristic purpose of introducing a speculation whether the instinct to love the mountains may not be the last lingering trace of a far-gone age when our barbarous ancestors had nothing else to do but run about and climb them.

Mr. Whymper's is a more ambitious work—almost indeed an "edition of luxury," to use the curious French phrase which is coming in. The author is less known to the literary world than Professor Tyndall, but in the last eight or ten years he has reached almost as wide a fame as a climber, and he has few equals either in boldness or in actual endurance. Those who are unfamiliar with the mountains and their literature will still probably remember his name as one of the survivors of the fatal accident on the Matterhorn in 1865, when three travellers and a guide perished by a fatal slip on the return from the first successful ascent of that mountain. It is almost into a new world that Mr. Whymper is venturing now, and it is possible that the perils of authorship, as well as its delights, may seem to him at this moment even greater than those of some new and desperate peak which is to be faced and conquered. But it is a world into which we very gladly welcome him, and we can congratulate him on having produced an interesting and pleasant volume. Putting aside the scientific portions, in regard to which he probably would not himself lay claim to much original research, the mass of the book is just what we should wish a work of the kind to be—pleasant and intelligent, most accurate in the points which we have ourselves chiefly studied, and with an appearance of equal care in the whole. Indeed, over-carefulness in one sense is one of its faults. The writer has apparently been a little overwhelmed with the feeling that he is writing a book, and has been anxious not to omit anything which might conceivably please a reader. The result is that the padding is perceptible. When bookmaking comes to so successful an issue, it would be wrong to visit it harshly, but the volume does bear the appearance of being "made up" rather more than is altogether refreshing. We could have dispensed with the photographs of the broken pieces of Matterhorn rope, which are faithfully reproduced to their finest fibres, and the chapter on the Fell Railway has not that commanding interest for the mountaineer which might have been expected from the pains that have been taken to elaborate it with pencil and pen. Of all Mr. Whymper's work the pictures are not only the best part, but are absolutely first-rate. We do not know of any collection of engravings which so thoroughly brings back, not merely the form and relief of the mountains, but their very spirit. After looking steadily at some of them, one begins for a time to smell the pine-trees of the slope; to stumble and pant among the séracs; to faint and despair on the interminable wall of ice. The distance is charmingly rendered in some of the best plates; even more charmingly than in the air of Switzerland, with its provoking clearness, the peaks can be induced sometimes to render themselves. Mr. Whymper seems to be an adept at every kind of illustration; scraps from his note-book, portraits, maps, fill up the pages; and the only occasion on which we are tempted to doubt his fidelity is when he introduces, as it seems to us, by either a mysterious coincidence or a confusion of memoranda, under the name of a distinguished guide of the Gemmi Inn, a faithful portrait of another excellent mountaineer, the present head-master of Eton.

What with Mr. Leslie Stephen, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. Whymper, no one can now be at a loss who wishes to form an idea of mountain travel in Switzerland. Each writer has his merits; and we should be sorry to dispense with the buoyancy of Mr. Stephen, the glow and imagination of the Professor, or the carefulness and artistic excellence of the latest writer of the three. But they agree in one virtue, that of manliness; and it is to this that one may well look first in books which have adventures for their subject. For it is, after all, adventure, real old-fashioned adventure, which attracts the loftier sort of climbers to the Alps; and it is of adventure, whether heroic or humorous, that they are a never-failing storehouse. This they will be till the end of time, or at least to the end of our present geological epoch; and that they are this is their one transcendent merit. Those who keep to the low levels, who never carry an ice-axe and never need a rope, do not know the meaning of hardship or the virtue of courage; they have no idea how delightful a thing, when it is quite over and done with, a sudden danger is. But let them not suppose that there is anything which they lose besides. Let them simply decline to believe the mountaineers when they tell them that the views of the mountain-tops are views of surpassing beauty. There are few things more ugly than a glacier, and few things harder to get than a really beautiful view from a high peak. Most climbers know, and all ought to be able to remember, that no mountain is seen to its best advantage either from its base or its summit. It is from the middle height, the levels of from 7,000 to 10,000 feet, that the mountains are seen in their real glory, and even in their real loftiness. Those travellers, no doubt, get most from their summer scrambles who have their days crowded with ice-slopes and couloirs, falling rocks and hidden crevasses; the incidents of a day are food for the recollection of a month; and to have used to the very utmost all the skill, boldness, and muscle which they possess is a simple delight which nothing below can equal. But those are not very far off in opportunities of pleasure who are content to carry their own knapsacks over the grass passes, and sleep under a roof every night; who do not shrink from a moderate climb, and can do a bit of rock when it comes in their way, but do not go out of their way to look for it; who can get enough to eat and drink without carrying their dinner for twenty-four hours in the sun, but yet prefer an extra half-dozen miles of pine-wood to the *table d'hôte* at the hotel; whose day, if it lacks hardship, has still its fair share of roughness, and, though without adventure, is never without variety; whose faces do not blister, nor their eyes inflame; and who, while

* *Hours of Exercise in the Alps.* By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1871.

Scrambles Among the Alps in the Years 1860-69. By Edward Whymper. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1871.

sacrificing a little of the ambition that Switzerland trains, carry away nevertheless a share of its pleasures not far inferior to that of the scramblers in snow and ice.

ARMGART.*

WHEN George Eliot writes a poem in a Magazine, it becomes almost necessary to look out for some special word to describe it. *Armcart*, for example, which appears in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, is not a great poem, in the sense in which Mr. Tennyson's *Lucretius* was great. The *Legend of Jubal* was, in our opinion, a finer poem than *Armcart*; yet there was a wide gulf between the merit even of *Jubal* and the merit of *Lucretius*. And then *Armcart* is not vigorous and lifelike, in the sense in which Mr. Browning's *Heret Riel* was lifelike. Neither is it as facile as a magazine contribution by Mr. Swinburne would be, nor as highly finished as what Mr. Rossetti might write, nor as distinctive as a work by Mr. Morris. Still, though *Armcart* is neither very great, nor lifelike, nor facile, nor very highly finished, there yet remains a word that will describe it to those who understand. *Armcart* is an "important" poem.

We do not belong to the number of those who hold that George Eliot ought never to have written in verse at all. We are for free and unfettered choice in such a case. The very fact that verse appeared to the author herself the fittest vehicle of expression in narrating the story of Fedalma formed of itself one good reason, at any rate, for using it. And *The Spanish Gypsy* is a poem instinct with very real merits, though it is also overlaid to a considerable extent with the elements of "importance." This word, however, should in strictness be confined to magazine poems. It applies with some exactness to *Armcart*. *Armcart*: a Tragic Poem; the very title is "important." The idea suggested by such an announcement, with the name of George Eliot is, that here may or may not be a beautiful poem or a great and stirring series of thoughts; but at all events here is a poem which will have to be read, which it will never do not to read, and which all our intelligent friends will, sooner or later (and sooner is the more probable), expect us to have read. And, notwithstanding many elements of great force and some elements of beauty, the weak point in George Eliot's poetry consists in this—namely, that it fails to correct the antecedent impression of "importance." It is read with interest always, and often with admiration, but it does not make us, as it ought to do, lose the idea of "importance" in the poetry. *Jubal* very nearly did as much as that, but even *Jubal* failed.

The incidents of *Armcart*, though suggested rather than told, are easy enough to follow. She is herself a German singer, who has gone into opera with an intense feeling for art. A lame cousin, one Walpurga, loves and lives with Armcart, as her faithful companion and friend; the Graf Dornberg, who has already proposed marriage to the *prima donna* before the action of the poem begins, proposes a second time while it is going forward; and Leo, an old musician, her ardent teacher and "bringer-out," is in constant attendance upon Armcart. The first scene opens in Walpurga's room, where she and the Graf discuss her cousin, and speculate on her chances of having made a hit that night in Gluck's *Orpheus*. As they converse, the door is opened by Leo, who enters with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for Armcart, whose servant follows carrying an armful of bouquets. In her hair is a star of brilliants, which had been enclosed in the bouquet that came from the Royal box. A general conversation follows, during which it is made clear that this brilliant success has intensified in Armcart what friends might call her self-involved devotion to singing, and enemies her egotism. In the second scene the Graf proposes marriage to her, and is rejected, because a little sermonizing on his part awakens in her the fear that union with him will clip the wings of her art. The third and fourth scenes transport us on to an evening a year later. Armcart has had a fierce attack of throat disease, but is pronounced well by one Doctor Grahn; and, prematurely venturing on the part of Fidelio, breaks down absolutely and hopelessly at rehearsal. A time of agony and desolation and miserable rebellion against her destiny follows, and it is clear that she is harbouring the thought of suicide. The long fifth scene brings out the latent power of Walpurga, and works what has to be accepted as the final cure of the singer's distress. Stung into energy by her cousin's sarcastic maundering about "drudging among the crowd," "doing nought better than a million women do," "bearing the yoke of thwarted life," and so forth, Walpurga takes up her parable with great force and effect; and from the vantage ground held by an outwardly commonplace and undistinguished person, lame into the bargain, but a heroine in the grain, she explains what self-sacrifice and suffering of the genuine sort really mean. Quite taken aback at this new light, Armcart bethinks her of the kind of lives which Walpurga and Leo have been going through; the one familiar with the sense of narrow natural endowment and only reflected pleasures, the other, a brave old musician who has outlived the pangs of disappointment and the world's neglect. She resolves to go and live in quiet and industrious obscurity at Freiburg, because it is Walpurga's birth-place, to which Walpurga would be glad to return. The concluding lines are written with a great charm:—

Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy

LEO. Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
Another's living child.

ARMG. O, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say "None misses it but me."—She sings—
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night.

And the spirit of a Greek chorus could not have been more perfectly condensed into a single line than in the last words of Leo:—

Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.

Throughout the poem there are scattered several passages of very decided individual merit. The description of an audience just at the beginning of a *début*, which was going to turn out well, is perfectly done in short compass:—

I could see
The house was breathing gently, heads were still,
Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
And human hearts were swelling.

Walpurga describes truly and well the kind of life led by women of her type:—

O such as I know joy by negatives,
And all their deepest passion is a pang
Till they accept their paper's heritage,
And meekly live from out the general store
Of joy they were born stripped of.

And, when passionately reminding Armcart of the infinite bond uniting all human lives together, so that an act of steadfastness or of renunciation may help others, even without any felt proximity of those needing help, she finely says:—

We touch afar.
For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,
Which touched them through the thrice millennial dark?

These passages of occasional excellence are to some extent counterbalanced by clumsiness here and there in the details of the plot. A mystery hangs over the loss of Armcart's voice, which contributes nothing whatever to the general effect. It is left quite unexplained whether the singing power has been forfeited by the doctor's bungling, or by the natural course of disease and its legitimate cures. And, again, at the moment when the Graf Dornberg was expected by Walpurga to come forward, and to claim with fidelity the Armcart who had turned from him in the moments of her triumph, the Graf sends a note—an exceedingly kind one, it is true—but announcing his departure to the Caucasus, and thence to India, on Government business, "which may be of long duration." Not that any one who knows George Eliot's writings and modes of thought would for a moment suppose that the penitent Armcart was to be consoled by any of the gentler ministrations of lover's love. But, by this method of representing him, the Graf is left in a singularly unfinished state; it is hard to make out whether he is a hero or a prig, and all that is clear is that he is very dry and very solemn.

Armcart is a restatement of the hard lessons so unflinchingly taught in *The Spanish Gypsy*. Speaking merely as of a fiction-writer, one might feel disposed to say that George Eliot has a decided objection to let any of her people live happily till they die. But she is more than a mere fiction writer; she has always been something of a preacher as well, and in these two poems she has taken that character more decidedly than anywhere else. The lesson of both poems is the same; passion and emotion are to be unflinchingly and, above all, unconditionally subordinated to the great truths and laws of reason and of duty. To use the image of the Platonic fancy, the "unruly horse" is to be unhesitatingly coerced; nor, if he at last submits to rein and curb, is he on that account to be rewarded by any after-concession of indulgence. Submission, we repeat, is to be complete and unconditional. This lesson is enforced in the picture of Fedalma and Silva with a severity which is almost repulsive. Duty to her parent, duty to her race, these are loyally followed in the teeth of renunciation; Fedalma breaks her own and her lover's heart in the process; and the evening sets in around them without one ray of consoling light. They part on the grey shore—she on the hopeless mission of consolidating the Gypsy race in Africa, he to ask absolution from the Pope; her father's death by Silva's hand has placed any sort of re-union for ever out of the question; and there is the end. Duty has been obeyed; and the obedience rendered by Fedalma to the great laws of family and nationality is drawn in a manner almost sublime; but the agony and renunciation are left wholly unrelieved. The same lesson is laid down in this study of Armcart. The colouring is much milder, the lines are not nearly so hard; for in place of the passionate young Duke Silva we have the enigmatic Graf, and the love with which Armcart is inspired is not, like Fedalma's, the love of woman for her lover, but the love of song. Still the lesson is the same. By the sudden and complete loss of voice she is brought face to face with the egotism to which she had yielded, and with the renunciation which alone could have made her triumph a natural and life-giving thing. At first violently rebellious against the penalty laid upon her, she is induced by-and-by, as we have seen, to look on herself and on others with clearer vision. She comes back to law; she is brought into harmony with truth and right. But there is no visible, no immediate and tangible, reward. The virtuous resolve is to suggest and to bring its own and only consolation and support. There is no hope of the power of song being at length recovered. Old Leo hints that she might turn actress; but

* *Armcart*: a Tragic Poem. By George Eliot. (*Macmillan's Magazine*, July 1871). London: Macmillan & Co.

there, too, her judgment makes it clear to her that there is no resource to be relied on. It is part of the result of her submission to the law, that she has the clearness to recognise this. The Graf is gone to the Caucasus, and will go on for an indefinite stay in India. So that the curtain drops, in this as in the more tragic scene of the "Gypsy," upon an unrelieved act of naked surrender to duty and to law. It is impossible not to admire the lofty morality of poems like these. But, partly from a weakness in genuine poetical endowment, partly from a too rigid adherence to an ideal scarcely consistent with the widest conception of art, George Eliot is unable to lift these studies into the region of what is grand or lovely, of what dominates or charms. They still remain "important" poems.

GREAT ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE.*

AMONG the various scraps which come to us from all quarters we are glad to welcome any publication of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. A body which has been the means of putting forth Professor Willis's famous *Architectural Nomenclature of the Middle Ages* and Professor Babington's *Ancient Cambridgeshire* has a claim on the gratitude of all students of antiquity. We have, in the pages now before us, one of those local descriptions drawn directly from original documents which have more than a local value, and which form one of the best subsidiary sources of history. The chief church in a place like Cambridge, a church which has so long held a special connexion with the University, could not fail to supply a wide field for curious research. And Great St. Mary's is, in some parts of it, a very good specimen of the latest form of mediæval architecture, and the history of its building is well known and carefully recorded. The church therefore supplies a very good subject for a monograph. But we must think it rather a pity that we have two monographs instead of one. We do not quite catch the principle of division of labour between Mr. Sandars and Mr. Venables, unless it be that Mr. Sandars is fuller on the earlier and Mr. Venables on the later history of the building. As the two are printed, Mr. Venables looks like an Appendix to Mr. Sandars, but as Mr. Venables' memoir is a reprint of one written in 1854, it would rather seem that Mr. Sandars is really an Appendix to Mr. Venables. At any rate we can learn much from both of them, though we might have learned it in an easier form if all the materials had been thrown into a consecutive story. Anyhow we must protest, in the name of Remigius and St. Hugh, against the description given in the title-page to the second officer of their minster. Mr. Edmund Venables was certainly not baptized by the name of "Canon," and it is hard on a Precursor of Lincoln to speak of him in a way which makes him liable to be mistaken for an Honorary Canon of Manchester.

There is something curious in the relations which existed both at Oxford and at Cambridge between the Universities and the churches which are best known from their connexion with them. It illustrates the sort of gradual and irregular way in which the English Universities and everything belonging to them grew up, that, strong as their ecclesiastical character was from the beginning, they have never possessed distinct places of worship. There is no church in Oxford or Cambridge in which the University has any exclusive or proprietary right. The two University churches, as they are often called, are merely parish churches in which the Universities have obtained certain rights. St. Mary's at Oxford and St. Mary's at Cambridge are parish churches, like others, with their Vicars and Churchwardens; the Universities are not even patrons or appropriate rectors; the rectory and advowson belongs in each case, not to the University, but to a particular College. University sermons are preached, at Oxford a terminal University Litany and Communion is held, and formerly University ceremonies not of an ecclesiastical kind were also held, in these two parish churches, without at all interfering with the ordinary rights of the parish. At Oxford indeed the University sermons still have to some extent, and once had far more largely, a kind of peripatetic nature. They are not confined to St. Mary's, but wander on certain occasions to the Cathedral and to certain College chapels, and it is not so long since St. Peter's-in-the-East as well as St. Mary's came in for its share of academical visits. At Cambridge the lack of a separate church for the University seems at one time to have been strongly felt. While St. Mary's was rebuilding, the University ceremonies were performed in the churches of the Austin and Franciscan or Gray Friars. At the dissolution of the latter house the University tried hard to get the church and other buildings for academical purposes. But Henry the Eighth chose to give them to his own foundation of Trinity College, and in the end the church which was spoken of as the pride and ornament of the University vanished altogether, and Sidney Sussex College arose on its site.

It is plain that a Friars' church would be a building specially suited for the purposes of the University. The large and wide naves of these churches were specially meant for preaching, and the interposed central towers cut them altogether off from the choirs. What the Cambridge church would have been if the University had luckily got possession of it may be seen at Nor-

wich, where the nave of the great Friars' church is put to various secular uses, though not more secular than some of those to which the University would have put it, while the choir, belonging in theory to a Dutch congregation, remains quite distinct. Some curious notices of the way in which the Friars' churches were treated during their temporary use by the University appear in Mr. Sandars's collections:—

St. Mary's Church (and whilst it was rebuilding, as we have seen, the Churches of the Austin and of the Franciscans, or Gray Friars) was fitted up, during the celebrations of the Commencements in Arts, with stages like a theatre, for the accommodation of the University. This practice was continued until about the year 1740, when what remained of the ceremony was transferred to the Senate House. The following extracts from the Proctors' books will show the expenses incurred in erecting these stages in the University Church and elsewhere:—

- 1493. For bartye and nayls & one corda for the stages at the Fryyr Austyns & workmen there.....3s.
- 1499. Item. Magistro Morgan pro adificatione theatri in commensationibus pro duobus annis.....5s. 3d.
- 1501. It. pro Joh: Paytelyn pro labore, removendo Pulpitum et scamina, sepius ab ecclesia Fratrum Ang: ad ecclesiam B. Marie.....12d.
- 1506. It. Mr. Bedford, pro Roberto Carpentario componente fabricam commensationis in ecclesia Minorum.....4s.
- 1524. It. to the Graye Friars for keeping the frame of our commencement.....10s.

The use of St. Mary's Church for University purposes seems to have been fully established before the end of the thirteenth century. In 1273 the bells of St. Benet's, that most precious monument of ancient Cambridge, appear as being rung, as a summons to University meetings. Soon after, we find those of St. Mary's used for the same purpose, and in 1275 we have a distinct account of a University grace passed at a congregation held in the church. In 1303 we begin to get notices of University sermons, and in 1347 a University chaplain was founded to celebrate daily masses in this church for the souls of benefactors. This would seem to have happened immediately on the rebuilding of the chancel, of which the high altar was dedicated in 1351, the orders for the ceremony having been given as far back as 1346. The chancel then built still remains, though it was greatly recast during the general rebuilding of the rest of the church, which began in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Gifts and bequests for the purposes of rebuilding begin as early as 1450, but the work was not actually begun till 1478, and the building gradually went on for about forty years, the tower still being only carried up so far as to allow of the glazing of the west window. Of the various stages of the building, especially of the erection of the magnificent rood-loft, a number of details are preserved by Mr. Sandars and Mr. Venables. The University was busy in collecting subscriptions from all manner of quarters, and, as Mr. Sandars says, the liberality of various Abbots and Priors in different parts of England should be noticed. Among the chief benefactors were Bishop Alcock of Ely, to whom Mr. Sandars attributes the merit of the design; King Richard the Third, who in an entry of the reign of his successor is recognised only as Duke of Gloucester; King Henry the Seventh himself, and his mother the Lady Margaret. The tower went on very slowly, and was not finished till 1608, the upper part naturally showing the corruption of style which had come in meanwhile. In 1576 a cinque-cento west porch was added, to which Lady Burghley and Sir William Mildmay were contributors. It has of late years made way for a doorway incomparably better in itself, but we somehow regret the loss of the other as a piece of history.

Mr. Sandars tells us, what we should hardly have thought, that the space of ground covered by the two University churches is very nearly the same; but the Cambridge St. Mary's certainly cannot rival the general stateliness of that at Oxford, though it surpasses it in particular points. The Cambridge nave is one of the best specimens of the East-Anglian Perpendicular, and the comparison between its minute and elaborate ornament and the simpler and bolder forms of the Oxford church is a fair question of taste. But the Cambridge church suffers from a cause which has done much to ruin some of the finest churches in the West of England. We mean that the older and smaller chancel was retained and recast, instead of being rebuilt on a scale proportioned to the nave. At Oxford, on the other hand, the stately choir of St. Mary's, which is actually a little older than the nave, is fully worthy of it. Between the two towers, it is perhaps kindness to Cambridge not to make any comparison. A spire was designed at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; but a spire of the seventeenth century, if it had ever been carried up, could never have rivalled the graceful forms of that at Oxford. But the Oxford church has another advantage in the position of the tower; the plan of the Cambridge church with its western tower is that of an ordinary parish church; the nave and choir at Oxford, with the tower standing in an unusual place to the north, though they do not give to the building anything of the special character of a minster, yet certainly mark it out as a church which has some special purpose of its own.

Mr. Sandars goes more into architectural detail than Mr. Venables, and he gives us a number of curious inventories, a class of documents which are always valuable and interesting. But Mr. Venables goes more fully into the later history of the building, the erection and destruction of the great rood-loft, the gradual steps which introduced the monstrous arrangements which existed a few years ago, and the happy improvements of later years. The side galleries, for which there might be some excuse, came first; it was a later development by which the Doctors and other digni-

* *Historical and Architectural Notes on Great St. Mary's Church, Cambridge.* By Samuel Sandars, M.A. Together with the Annals of the Church, by the Rev. Canon Venables, M.A. Cambridge. Printed for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. Sold by Deighton, Bell, & Co.; and Macmillan & Co. 1862.

taries forsook their old place in the chancel stalls for the monstrous structure which so long made the University church of Cambridge a byword. That is now happily gone, and the present vicar deserves a large measure of thanks for his share in getting rid of it. Mr. Luard has done some good work by publishing the contemporary Life of Edward the Confessor; he has also done some good work by clearing out the building which is his more immediate sphere of duty.

Mr. Venables, among other things, gives a full account of the various changes during the reigns of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, including the disinterment of the bodies of Bucer and Fagius. We then have the disputes and troubles of the next century, in which "Mr. Cromwell" figures more than once. We will end with the following extract from the *Querela Cantabrigiensis*:—

And that Religion might fare no better than Learning, in the University church (for perhaps it may be Idolatry now to call it Saint Maries) in the presence of the then General our Common Prayer-book was torne before our faces, notwithstanding our Protection from the House of Peeres for the free use of it, some (now great one) M. Cromwell, encouraging them in it, and openly rebuking the University Clerk who complained of it before his soldiers.

A PEERLESS WIFE.*

IT reads almost like a paradox to say that this book is not a success; for on going over the list of its good qualities one would appear to catalogue enough material for a fair share of perfection. We can truly say of it that it is pure, well-intentioned, prettily designed, with variety of character, no villany to speak of considering to what excesses we are accustomed, a wholesome absence of crime of a certain kind, and a sufficiency of incident. And yet it is a failure; with a story dull, disjointed, and confused, and characters at once uninteresting and unlike nature. And beside these shortcomings, it is written in the independent grammar so dear to many lady-novelists, and with an ingenuous indifference to some of the most elementary rules of syntax which is more surprising than admirable.

We have said that the characters are untrue to nature. To take the most startling instance, we will begin with the child, Rita. She is a little maid of some six or seven years old, and she says, "When I am grown up I shall go away and act for my living like she did, pointing to a beautiful picture of Mrs. Siddons. 'Then I shall be great and glorious like her, and much grander and of more consequence than mamma.'" Mamma, let it be understood, is her stepmother, whom, when she arrived as that stepmother, she consented to call "mamma" but stoutly refused to call "mother," reserving that name for her own mother, who had died when she was about five years old. She is also very passionate, very clever, very wayward, and utterly neglected by her stepmother; who, however, seems to be an affectionate and gentle creature to all the world besides; neglected even to the extent of not having decent clothes to wear. She is a child who, once the joy and delight of her father, now "never heard words of love or tenderness addressed to her, never had amusements provided for her, nor ever felt that she was of the least consequence to any one on earth." She has, however, a governess over whom she tyrannizes, and whom she obeys or not as suits her humour, which is rarely; though sometimes, "having taken the fancy to become a great actress, she really worked hard at such studies as she liked." When her little step-sister is born Rita has an object and a love. "A strange light came into her dark eye as she gazed speechless on the little creature; and from that hour a new love was cherished in her heart beside the memory of her dead mother." If she is preternaturally tenacious of a memory, and preternaturally alive to the maternal instinct, she is also as strangely foreseeing and reasonable. She tears her frock, her only frock, and on the remonstrances of her nurse she enumerates the remaining riches of her wardrobe. "I don't care. What does it signify? I've got a nightgown I suppose." Reminded that she cannot wear her nightgown next day, she answers, "We will wait till the morning; there is no occasion to bother ourselves to-night"; which was philosophical for six years of age. When her stepmother comes into the nursery and fondles the baby, with the passionate love which must surely have had its roots in so much instinct as would have included common humanity to another little child, Rita, all tenderness and womanly devotion to the infant, "stood with an air of haughty proud defiance till her stepmother had left the room, and then the old look of love returned to her face as she took the baby again from the nurse, and begged to be allowed to undress it, which was a treat to which she looked forward all day." We are almost tempted to ask if Mrs. Mackarness has ever known a child. Yet surely, if a woman could be trusted to write naturally and photographically of anything, it would be of the possibilities of both character and action in the small world above stairs. Had she made Rita ten years older she would have been nearer the mark in her portraiture; describing her as an infant of six or seven is making her simply a monstrosity, possible perhaps, because nature does sometimes produce monstrosities, but as little like ordinary humanity as a picture which gives a calf six legs is like the ordinary stock of the meadows.

If Rita is out of drawing, so also is Effie Graham. Her first appearance on the scene is characteristic of more traits than one

belonging to *A Peerless Wife*. The ladies have come up into the drawing-room from a dinner at Mr. Martyn's—Rita's father—when they hear a suppressed titter in the room. Some say it is Rita—some say it is the cat; but to this explanation is opposed the objection that cats don't laugh. But as the lady who suggested the cat is deaf, she does not hear when she is told that the noise is laughter, and answers, "Ah, yes, they often do," composing herself for her nap; "whereupon the laughter was no longer a smothered titter, but a ringing peal, and the lid of the ottoman in the middle of the room heaved for a moment, and then as suddenly falling back revealed a cloud of white muslin, a face of intense merriment, and a pair of roguish deep blue eyes, seated composedly therein." This is Effie, a compound of merriment, coquetry, slang, deep feeling, weakness, levity, silliness, and self-sacrifice, as odd in its way as the compound of tenacity, passion, foresight, and tenderness of which a little miss of six or seven is the impersonation. She flirts outrageously with all men, but falls in love at first sight with Cecil Wentworth, the hero of the drama, a prig of the finest quality, whose extraordinary and extravagant love for his mother is the one great fact of his life, and who has hitherto forbore to love any other woman because he can find none equal to his mamma. As Effie cannot subdue him at first sight she holds herself aggrieved, and during the second interview (so far as we can make out) says to Nina Elwyn, "I would give an empire to make him smile at me." Presently she asks again, "What song does he like, Nina?" as she is preparing to sing; which it seems she does with credit. So, not knowing what better to do, she pours out *Toi que j'aime*, which Cecil does not applaud. The end of the song and the day is told in this wise:—

Effie went home, and kissing her fond old father, who was sitting up for her as usual, and telling him that she would relate all the news in the morning—she was too tired to tell him anything then—she flew to her own room, and throwing herself into a chair, burst into a passion of tears! "Why did I ever see him?" she sobbed. "What is the use of my beauty and my voice, if he cares for neither? But he will—he shall. What a fool I am to spoil my eyes with crying!" she said, starting up, and trying to stay her tears. "Madame de Staël said any woman could have any man she liked. I'll see how far she was right—if, though, there was no one else in his heart. Ah! why does mine feel as though it would burst at the thought? But there is not any one—there cannot be. I will have the honour of melting this icicle—the glorious happiness of possessing his first love. Yes, yes, Effie, to bed, and sleep, with this bright hope, and wake with fresh beauty in the morning!" And pouring hastily into a basin some water and some kind of essence, she bathed her beautiful eyes and flushed face, and was soon asleep, with a smile resting on her lips, which this new hope had called to life.

Far be it from us to assume that we understand anything about the ways and words of young ladies when they are locked up in the sanctuary of their own chambers, but if this is the kind of thing they do and say, they must be even queerer creatures than we give them credit for. If they really do fall in love with men in this frantic manner, and sob and cry till they are obliged to bathe their beautiful eyes with some kind of essence because their advances have not been instantly responded to; if they apostrophize their own beauty, and dream of the honour of melting the male icicle, and the glorious happiness of possessing his first love, then all the ideas which men have had about maidens for as long as ideas were written down in any language have been mere moonshine, and Mrs. Mackarness describes a truth as yet hidden from the multitude.

But Effie is not the only girl who falls in love unsolicited with the priggish icicle, whose charm the fair authoress has certainly not managed to make evident to her readers. Untidy, slipshod, violent Marian Ayrton also showers all the undesired warmth of her nature on Mrs. Wentworth's son; but neither she nor Effie warms the statue they both desire. Only, later in the story, when Effie's love has become so violent that she falls into that mysterious illness so convenient to novelists, and we should think so perplexing to doctors—only then, prompted by his mother, does he proffer a love he does not feel, and show himself as uninteresting in his kindly hypocrisy as he had been in his more truthful coldness. Things, however, are terribly complicated at this time; for when he pretends to be in love with Effie to save her life, and because her father offers her to him and his mother counsels him to accept her, he is really in love with Nina Elwyn, who has just got clear of an entanglement with a worthless young fellow, by name Robert Ayrton, the brother of our disorderly, undisciplined Marian. And as Nina also is in love with Cecil, we have come to an embarrassment of riches, in the way of three beautiful young women all sighing at the feet of one man, more delightful to the senses of the lucky young fellow than good for his soul or theirs. Of course the intelligent reader sees that two out of the three Graces must be disposed of; but in what manner that desirable process is accomplished we think Mrs. Mackarness herself has the sole right to tell. We would only observe in connexion with that process, so far as it concerns Effie, that we hold it to be utterly and entirely unnatural and impossible, considering the kind of person she has been so elaborately described as being from the beginning. Her final action is as little in psychological harmony with her type as it would be ethnologically were a painter to make a negress with golden flowing hair, or to give a Scandinavian woman the crisp curled wool of an African. Mental and moral characters are founded on types, just as certain physical peculiarities belong to certain races; and for a feather-brained, superficial, silly little girl like Effie, however good she may be in her own way, to be suddenly capable of an act of heroism demanding sustained self-sacrifice, tenacity of

* *A Peerless Wife*. By Mrs. Henry S. Mackarness, Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

purpose, and more than ordinary power of self-possession, is like painting our African with golden tresses and a fair complexion, or making a child of six years of age study hard with the conscious intention of becoming an actress when she has grown up. And, by the by, going back to our starting-point, what age could Rita have been when she did actually carry out her design? It seems as if all the young men and women of the story had been married only a very few years, just long enough to introduce the various troops of orthodox babies, when we find Rita a runaway actress, dying in London lodgings; and indeed, looking at the closing pages again, we see that Mrs. Mackarness has given the child two years of discomfort at home after she is taken away from Nina Elwyn, before she finally sends her on to the boards as a little friendless runaway. We do not make out that she can be more than ten, if so much, when she leaves home; rather young to be abandoned by her father because she has gone on the stage, or to be given even "second-rate parts."

Mrs. Mackarness has intended well, but she has signally failed to give life or colour to her designs. She has not stopped to consider, to work over her pages, to fit in her parts, to be true to her characters. She has merely scrambled on anyhow, and in so doing has thrown away a chance, and spoilt what might have been a pretty story if it had been carefully considered, and worked out with more painstaking and care.

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31-inch Balance ditto.....	15 6	12 0	" 5 0
4 ditto ditto.....	20 6	16 0	" 7 0
4 ditto fine Ivory Handles.....	27 6	21 0	" 7 0
4 ditto extra large ditto.....	30 6	22 0	" 8 0
4 ditto finest African Ivory ditto.....	34 6	27 0	" 12 0
4 ditto, with Silver Ferrules.....	35 6	28 0	" 13 0
4 ditto, with Silver Blades.....	40 6	33 0	" 13 0
Nickel Electro-Silvered Handles.....	25 6	19 0	" 7 0

WILLIAM S. BURTON, Engraving, Ironmonger, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE containing upwards of 850 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with Lists of Prices and Plans of the 30 large Show-rooms, post free.—39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Furry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London. The Cost of delivering Goods to the most distant parts of the United Kingdom by Railway is trifling. WILLIAM S. BURTON will always undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

Bankers.

Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., the NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, and the BANK OF ENGLAND.

BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 13 months' Notice of Withdrawal.	
At 4 ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto	
At 3 ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto	

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realised.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

MANSON-HOUSE STREET (Opposite the Mansion House, London).

Directors.

Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR, President.

Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart., Vice-President.

JAMES SPICER, Esq., Vice-President.

John Charles Burzyne, Esq.

Lord George Cavendish, M.P.

William Curry, Esq.

Samuel Edwards, Esq.

George Fenning, Esq.

John Harvey, Esq.

John Aldin Moore, Esq.

George Savell, Esq.

John Gwynne Sim, Esq.

John Charles Temple, Esq.

John Kemp Welch, Esq.

George Frederick White, Esq.

Ex-Directors.

Richard Twining, Esq.

John Walter, Esq., M.P.

Frederick Cowper, Esq.

William Edwards, Esq.

Sir Walter Charles James, Bart.

Attention is particularly requested to the following important facts resulting from the principles on which the Society was founded in the year 1763, and upon which it has ever since been conducted:

1. It has never allowed Commission or employed Agents under any circumstances, whereby more than Two Millions Sterling have been saved to the Assured.
2. Being a purely Mutual Office, the whole of the Capital and Profits belong exclusively to the Assured, no portion being diverted for Dividends to Shareholders.
3. The Invested Capital is £4,300,000.
4. The whole expenses of Management are on an average only about 2 per cent. on the annual Income.
5. The Society accepts the surrender of its Policies at their true value, without any deduction, thereby rendering loss by forfeiture totally unnecessary.
6. The Lives of Persons residing at a distance from London may be Assured without requiring their Personal Attendance at the Office. Assurances can thus be effected without expense, or the intervention of Agents, by direct Correspondence with the Office in London.

J. W. STEPHENSON, Actuary.

A.D. 1720.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established by Charter of His Majesty George the First.)

FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE, AND ANNUITIES.

OFFICES—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON. BRANCH OFFICE—29 PALL MALL, S.W.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Sub-Governor.

FRANCIS ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Robert Barclay, Esq.

John Garratt Catley, Esq.

Mark Currie Close, Esq.

Edward James Daniell, Esq.

William Davidson, Esq.

Lancelot William Dent, Esq.

Alexander Druce, Esq.

Frederick Joseph Edman, Esq.

Charles Herman Goheen, Esq.

Robert Amadeus Heath, Esq.

Wilmot Holland, Esq.

Egerton Hubbard, Esq.

Neville Lubbock, Esq.

George Forbes Macdonald, Esq.

Lord Joceline Wm. Percy.

Charles Robinson, Esq.

Sir John Rose.

Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq.

Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.

William Wallace, Esq.

Charles Wigram, Esq.

Montagu C. Wilkinson, Esq.

Charles Baring Young, Esq.

NOTICE.—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Midsummer will expire on 29th June.

FIRE ASSURANCES may be effected on advantageous terms.

FIRE DUTY.—This Tax having been abolished, the Premium is now the only Charge for Fire Insurance.

FARMING-STOCK.—No extra charge is made for the use of Steam Threshing-Machines.

LIFE ASSURANCES are granted with, or without, participation in Profits; in the latter case at reduced rates of Premium.

The Divisions of Profit take place every Five Years.

Any sum not exceeding £10,000 may be insured on One Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A Liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of a Century and a half.

Royal Exchange, London.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE—10 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1850.

The Liabilities are, in respect of Sums Assured and Bonuses, £2,265,000; and in respect of Annuities £1,695 per annum.

The Assets actually invested in First-class Securities amount to £297,907.

Of the Subscribed Capital of £750,000, only £75,000 is paid up.

All kinds of Assurance effected at moderate rates and on very liberal conditions.

The Accounts of the Office for the last Financial Year, returned to the Board of Trade in compliance with "The Life Assurance Companies Act 1870," together with Prospectuses, may be had on application.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1853.

1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000. PAID UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

Policies falling due at Midsummer should be renewed before July 9, or the same will become void.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION, for

FIRE, LIFE, AND MARINE ASSURANCES.

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

OFFICE—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.

WEST-END AGENTS—Messrs. GRINDLAY & CO., 55 Parliament Street, S.W.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Fire Duty having been abolished, Fire Insurances are now effected without any charge beyond the Premium.

Notice is hereby given to Persons insured against Fire, that the renewal Receipts for Insurances due at Midsummer are ready to be delivered, and that Insurances on which the Premium shall remain unpaid after Fifteen days from the said Quarter-day will become void.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Policies in force for..... £4,860,400

(Exclusive of Bonus Additions.)

Income—Premiums..... £161,365

Interest..... 59,807

Accumulated Premiums..... 291,079

Copies of the Accounts may be obtained on application.

The Directors are ready to receive applications for Agencies to the Corporation.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Bartholomew Lane,

London. Established 1824. Capital, £5,000,000.

LIFE and FIRE ASSURANCES granted on favourable Terms. Prospectuses, Statement of Accounts, and Forms may be had on application to

ROBERT LEWIS, Secretary.